

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 15.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and
Through the roof of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-light
halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awakened, will never de-
part;
Turn, turn to that breast like a dove in its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home
in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will brighten your pleasure and so-
lence your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the
just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure
so rare.

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our
lot,
The cheek searing tear-drops of sorrow may
start;
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the
heart.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures
in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clowline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 54.
Back numbers can be obtained from all new-
dealers throughout the United States, or direct
from this office.]

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

Jack Dinsmore was a practical joker, and this statement was greeted with derisive laughter, during which he proceeded to stow away an ounce of pigtail tobacco in his capacious cheek. Tobacco is the seaman's glory, and without it, how would he pass away the lonesome hours in the fore-cabin and on deck. Say that it is a bad habit, it is one which gives pleasure, and is not so bad as many things in which they might indulge. There are few seamen who do not use the weed in some form, and no one in the fore-cabin of the Dolphin but had a quid in his cheek or a pipe in his mouth. Let us pass over this little foible, for theirs is a hard life.

"This ghost I was talking about is the ghost of a Kanaker, that we used to call 'Lobscouse' for short. A harpooner, he was, and struck for old man Manning before I took up the harpoon in the mate's boat. He was a good harpooner, that I'll say for him, but he had an awful temper, and one day the mate, Mr. Fletcher, hit him over the head with a belaying pin. It was an awful lick, and Lobscouse dropped as if he had been shot, with the blood running out of his mouth and nose. He got over it so as to go back to his duty, but he wasn't the same man. Before he got that blow, he was a happy kind of chap, and used to give us lots of sport in the fore-cabin. But now when he was off duty, he'd sit moping on his chest or in the tops, and he never kept his eyes off Fletcher for a moment. I think the mate got to be afraid of him, though he never threatened anything; but I heard the Dickey tell Captain Manning that he'd not sail any longer in the Dolphin if Lobscouse staid on board; and the old man agreed to give him his papers in Honolulu. That very night, when Fletcher had the deck, and I was on the lookout on the to'gal-lant, I heard such a scream as I never heard before in all my life, and when I ran aft, there lay the mate, dead as a herring, with this in his hand."

He thrust his hand under the blankets of his bunk, and took out a strange-looking knife. It was made of some hard wood, common to the South Seas, but little softer than lignum vitae. At one end it was brought to a needle-like point, and the other was rudely fashioned into a handle, which could be readily grasped. Along the edges of the knife small shark's teeth had been set, pointing on one edge towards the sharp end and on the other towards the handle. It passed from hand to hand as the sailor went on with his tale.

"We all knew that Lobscouse owned the knife, and had killed the mate. But from that day, nearly two years ago, no man has seen him alive. Once a year he comes back to the Dolphin, on the night of the murder, and goes through the scene again. Where he went to no one knew, but when we came to break out the cargo we found a white skeleton; and the rats—"

"Hush up, Jack," said Tatty. "Don't you know anything?"

"I ought to have my head broke in a dozen pieces, and I beg your pardon, little one. Why, here's the first mate."

Dan had come down the ladder silently, and stood looking at Dick with a strange, yearning look in his eyes. At that moment he was sorry that the temptation had ever come in his way, and delighted beyond measure that he had come in time to save the boy.

"I don't suppose you want to see me, my lad," he said; "but whatever you do at any other time, no talking before the men. How do you feel now?"

"I am much better."

"I never should have forgiven myself if it had turned out badly," he said. "I ought to have put you in the 'brig,' as I intended. But you put temptation in my way, and I had to shut you in. The fact is, we were a little short of men, and I intend to give you a cruise; will you, or will you not? Take good care of him, Tatty, and when he is strong enough for duty, report to me."

He turned and went on deck.

"Did he shut the chicken up in the hold?" said Jack Dinsmore. "Now that is what I call bloody mean in any man, if it is our first Dickey. He ought to have command of some blamed lime-juicer—that's what he ought."

"Don't blow about your officers, Jack," replied Tatty. "You ought to be old enough to know better than that."

"I always liked Dan," replied Jack. "But this ain't the kind of trick that suits me, you bet you. It ain't fair, so to speak. Give a man a chance for his life, I say, and then hang him if he won't take the chance. Do you want to hear about the ghost?"

"No; I laid that ghost long ago, myself," said Tatty. "My boy, don't believe a word Jack says, for as true as you are born I've sailed on the Dolphin ten years, and there never was a mate named Fletcher, or a Kanaka called Lobscouse."

"Do you mean to tell me that I am a liar?" roared Jack, starting to his feet with the knife "which stabbed Fletcher" in his hand.

"Yes," replied Tatty, "you lie like a thief, and I can prove it."

For a moment Jack stood clapping the knife, and looking into the steady eyes of the island prince. But he did not quail, and Jack dropped into his seat, with a short laugh.

"I believe you are right, Tatty; I was yarning it a little, and you caught me at it. Eight bells; time to turn in."

CHAPTER VIII.

GENTLEMAN DICK.

Three days later, still a little stiff from want of exercise, Dick Fenton came up the companion ladder, and stood upon the deck of the Dolphin. It was a beautiful day, and the great ship was ploughing her way through the amethystine waves at the rate of ten knots an hour, for the ship was built upon the best models of her day, and was reputed one of the fastest of all the whaling fleet. Two men were at the wheel, the lookout was perched on the to'gal-lant fore-cabin, and his men were scattered about, ready for duty at a moment's notice. As Dick touched the deck, the first mate, who was standing on the quarter deck, hailed him.

Dick hesitated for a moment, and then walked straight up to the man who had kidnapped him.

"I am quite well now, Mr. Forsythe, and being so, I wish to ask what you intend to do with me?"

"I intend to set you to work," replied Forsythe, promptly. "Understand me fully, my lad, I am not your enemy any further than this: Your friends inform me that you have been a bad boy, and that a sea voyage is for your good, and have placed you under my care. I will make a man of you before the three years' cruise is up."

"But I don't understand you, sir," said Dick, bewildered by the coolness of

the mate. "What have I done at home, that I should be sent away?"

"If you have cheek enough to say that you don't know, you will say anything, and I will not bandy words with you. I am going to put you in my watch, and Tatty will teach you your duty. It is no use for you to kick against it, for your name is on the ship's books, rated as an ordinary seaman."

"But I never signed the articles," said Dick, bewildered.

"Of course not; you are a minor, and as such, your friends have signed for you. Go forward, sir; your number is 27, and your station the main yard when setting and taking in sail. Do you understand?"

"I think I do as far as this: I have been kidnapped, and brought on board this ship against my will. Some person, unknown to me, has signed articles for me, giving out that I have done something wrong at home, which is false in every point."

"Do you refuse to do your duty?"

"I refuse to be regarded as a member of the crew, and shall appeal to the proper authorities to be set free."

"If I order you to go forward, do you refuse to obey?"

"No, sir; you, having charge of the deck, have a right to order even a passenger to leave it. I am not going to mutiny, and give you a chance to shoot me."

"Some one has been posting you in ship law, then. The old man was right when he called you a sea lawyer. Go forward, sir, and take your station at the heel of the bowsprit!"

Dick obeyed promptly, and seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, close to the place where Tatty stood. The mate followed, looking at him with an evil eye.

"I give this young man in your charge, Tatty," he said. "You will learn him the ropes at once."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Tatty. "And he would do well to pick up as quickly as he can, for I will have no skulkers on these decks while I have charge of them. I warn you, my lad, not to make an enemy of me."

He walked back to his station, just as the captain emerged from the cabin. Dick started impulsively forward to meet him, but Tatty laid a firm hand upon his arm.

"Avast there, youngster; what are you going to do?"

"I am going to speak with the captain, and ask him why I have been kidnapped."

"You ain't going to do anything of the sort. Come to anchor on that bowsprit, and listen to me. Now you'll understand that I've followed the sea for many years, because I preferred it to ruling over my tribe. Some day I'm going back to them, to take my old place, and try to teach the fools some sense, same as I am trying to teach you. Now see here; you are at sea, and more than a league from land, and the only government you've got is the government of this ship. Very well; what can you make by kicking up a row?"

"I don't know, but I want to give them a piece of my mind."

"You want to get your brains knocked out; that's what you want. Now I know Captain Manning, and a better man never sailed a ship. I believe, as you do, that you have been wronged, but he has been made to believe that you

are a bad fellow, sent to sea by your friends, in order to reform you. He'll try to reform you, if he breaks your back trying, and you wouldn't want to be seized up to a grating and flogged?"

"Flogged!" cried Dick, his nostrils dilating. "A blow to me! I believe I'd kill a man who did that."

"And be hung for mutiny on the high seas. Will you take advice from me?"

"I'll do just as you say."

"Then go to the captain when he calls you, as he will be sure to do, and salute him as your superior officer. You'd do the same if you were an officer in the navy, and lots of gentlemen get there; lots of snobs, too, for I know the blue jacket life, myself. Say to the captain there has been a mistake in bringing you here, but that you would sooner work than loaf, and are ready to do your duty like a man."

"I don't like to acknowledge that they have any claim upon me."

"But they *have*; the old man would not have any boy that was not regularly shipped, and you can bet your name is down on the ship's books, all right. Captain Manning thinks you have done wrong, and your only way to convince him of his mistake is to do your duty from the start, and if anything, work a little harder than the others. Now don't this look like good advice to you?"

"I'll do just as you say, Tatty," said Dick, after a moment's pause. The captain and mate were talking together, and after a while, Dick was called, and walking aft, he saluted the captain by removing his cap.

"Now, my boy," said the captain, "I hear that you are inclined to mutiny."

"No, sir; on the contrary, I am ready to do my duty. I have taken the advice of an old sailor, and he tells me that, no matter how I was brought on board this ship, I have only to do my duty faithfully now, and leave it to you to do me justice. I only ask one thing, captain; we shall cross the track of homeward-bound ships, or go into port before many months. I will give you the address of my mother, and also of my uncle Richard, and I ask you to write to them, and let them direct letters to Honolulu. By the time we come back to that port you will know that you have been deceived about me."

"A sea lawyer!" grumbled the captain. "Salt-horse and sea-biscuit will never take that out of him."

"Salt-horse" is the sailor's name for the lean corned beef which forms so large a portion of his daily fare. Others call it by a tougher name, "Mahogany."

"If you will write down those addresses, and promise to write to them, you will do me a great favor. I cannot bear to be thought a wicked boy, for I don't think I am."

"Blamed if I don't believe the boy is right," said Forsythe, suddenly. "Will you do your duty, and not try to escape, until the captain gets answers to his letters?"

"Yes, I'd like the cruise well enough, but I want to make it of my own free will."

"That's fair enough," said Captain Manning. "You write those addresses some time to-day and give them to me, and I'll send the letters. And if I find out that a gentleman has been kidnapped on board this ship, I'll take a journey to the North Pole to lick the man that is at the bottom of the game. Now, then, I've seen you go aloft, and I know that

you will make a smart reefer, but can you pull an oar?"

"I don't think I can be easily beaten at it, captain, as I pulled stroke in our boat club, and had the training of one of the best oarsmen of the East."

"Perhaps you can steer?"

"I've steered a light yacht a great deal, and I think I could learn to take my trick at the wheel."

"What 'lay' do you want?"

"I don't think I understand you, sir."

"Every man on board this ship has a certain 'lay,' or share in the net proceeds of the voyage, depending entirely upon his rating. For instance, a harpooner gets more than an able seaman, an able seaman more than an ordinary, and so on down."

"As to the money, sir, I don't think I care for that. In order to show you that I was trusted at home, I will show you that I had nearly two hundred dollars in my pocket-book when I was in New Bedford, and I shall be a very rich man some day. I have not done anything wrong, sir, and now I can only thank you for your kindness and go to my duty."

"I'll put you down for the two hundred dollars," said the captain, "and I will rate you higher when you are worth it. Is he provided with a 'kit,' Mr. Forsythe?"

"Yes, sir; his chest is in the fore-cabin."

"Then he'd better go below when the watch is called and unship those long tops. The idea of an ordinary seaman with broadcloth clothes and a gold watch is comical enough."

The shrill call for the "port" watch was heard directly after, and among the rest Dick went below. He felt better, now that he had explained to the captain, and proceeded to examine his "kit."

The chest was a good, solid, substantial one, and had been bought, together with the clothing, of an "outfitter," in New Bedford, and brought on board by Forsythe. He found in it everything which a man could possibly need in a three years' cruise, from a jack-knife up, and in a sort of till at the bottom, he found several pounds of smoking tobacco, and below this a small caddy of "navy plug" chewing, with a box of pipes.

"Thunder!" said Dick. "Here is something for you, Tatty."

Tatty looked into the box and laughed aloud.

"The outfitter thought it was a regular ordinary seaman, and knew our failings. I'll smoke on your lot and chew your tobacco, my boy, since you don't want it. And now, men of the starboard watch, on the whaler Dolphin, let me introduce you to Gentleman Dick, the mate. For I'll make a sailor of him, unless my hand has lost its cunning."

And Gentleman Dick was christened then and there, and so he was known to the crew of the Dolphin.

CHAPTER IX.

DAN FORTYTH'S NEW ALLY.

Dick, now fairly enrolled as a hand before the mast, began to enter into his new duties with a zeal which was a part of his nature. He was a natural sailor, and his skill as a yachtman, and practice in the rowing club, had made his work easy for him. Hour after hour, in pleasant weather, with the consent of the captain, he roved about the ship's rigging with Tatty, or sat in the foretop,

while that keen professor in the sailors' art gave him lessons which he never forgot. He knew every line, rope and ballard; every sail, and its proper use. He could hand, reef and steer in a short time, and could make a knot or splice with the best sailor in the crew. And the men loved him, too; for he was just the sort of boy to win their regards. Open as the day, of a frank and merry disposition, he won their hearts rapidly, with the single exception of one man, a hard-faced Maine longshoreman, who was considerably favored by the first mate.

Rodger Hinks had left the state of Maine under a cloud. Indeed, it had been whispered that if he had remained long enough in Eastport to allow the sheriff of that county to find him, he would have graced the cells of a large stone building, the property of the State, vulgarly known as a State Prison. The nature of his crime was not known to any one, with the exception of one person, and that one was Dan Forsythe.

They were nearing Rio one day, when Forsythe called out this man and ordered him to come into the hold with him, for the purpose of "breaking out" a cask of pork. They threaded their way among the casks, until they came nearly to the fore-cabin bulkheads, when Forsythe set his lantern on a cask and sat down.

"Come to anchor on that cask, Hinks," said the mate. "I've got something to say to you, and I don't mind if I say it here."

Hinks obeyed, and showed a face which exhibited a strange mingling of cunning and fear.

"What do you want with me?" he said.

"Not much; I am only going to tell you a story."

"You didn't bring me down here to yarn it, I hope?" he replied, sulkily.

"Keep your temper, my good man; keep your temper. I can't think of a worse legacy a father could give to a child than such hot blood as yours. It is sure to bring you into trouble, at one time or another, and really you ought to control it."

"I ain't a going to be drawn like a badger by you nor nobody else."

"Who is trying to draw you like a badger? My dear friend, I don't need to do anything of that kind; I know all about you."

The man started up from the cask, and thrust his hand into the bosom of his Jersey, but stopped immediately as he saw that Dan held a pistol in his hand, cocked and ready.

"It won't do, Rodger Bates," he said, emphasizing the last name. "I know that you are handy with your knife, and prepared myself to meet you like a man. Now, are you ready to hear what I have to say?"

"Drive ahead," was the sullen reply.

"You are a longshoreman, and lived not far from Portland. In plain words, you were a wrecker, and it was even said that ships sometimes mistook their course, because you put out the beacons and lighted them in other places. I know that you were none too good for it, and how long do you think you would have to live, if I walked into the fore-cabin of the Dolphin, and told the boys that you were Black Rodger Bates—the Wrecker of Long Point?"

The man shuddered, and put his hand before his eyes. He knew that of all men on earth the seamen hated wreckers, and that a man so well known as himself would have but little chance among them.

"I means to do my duty, Mr. Forsythe," he said, humbly. "I can't say no fairer than that."

"Why did you leave Long Point?"

"They suspicioned me a heap, about Portland. They talked just as you did about it, and talked of lynching me, so I moved up Eastport way, and started again."

"Ah, after that your hasty temper got the best of you. A man was stabbed on the beach, in a quarrel over plunder, and you unfortunately held the knife."

"He run against it, his ownself."

"And you let him do it," said Forsythe, with a low laugh. "Now listen to me, my boy; it has happened, luckily for you, that the secret has come into good hands, for you would never live to reach the Cape if the boys knew you. Upon certain conditions I will not open my lips."

"I knowed you wanted something."

"You ought to know that I always want value received for what I give. You have seen that boy, Dick Fenton?"

"I sh'ud think I had; wa'n't I turned out of my bunk to give it to him?"

"You don't like him?"

"Nary bit."

"Then your work is easy. Rodger Bates, that boy must never go back to New Bedford."

"The very deuce! How are you going to help it?"

"I think you can do that, Rodger; your safety depends on it, for if that boy is alive when we get to Honolulu, I'm going to give you up to the American consul. He will send you home in irons and—you know the rest."

"Hold on," said Bates, hoarsely, "you can't expect me to do such a thing as that without pay."

"I save your life."

"Yes; but I could do that without your help. Say five hundred dollars, and the truck is done."

"Agreed. I leave all the details to you. He is a new hand, and the first time he goes aloft in a storm, especially at night, he will be in danger. I want to give this job to Tatty, but the fool has taken a fancy to the boy, and guards him like a sick kitten."

"You leave it to me, Mr. Forsythe. That boy will never see the Cape, if I don't drop myself. I ain't never going back home, so I don't care what I do. I'm going to Australia myself, and I calculate to make a man of myself there."

"If you had the good fortune to be born in England, I have no doubt you would have been furnished a free ticket to Australia years ago."

"Don't be too hard on me, or I may turn on you yet," growled Bates. "You don't know me, mate, leaping up suddenly. You dirty bounder, you mean to threaten me, all men on earth? Come on deck until I show you mates what a lovely flower they have with them down in the forecastle. Curse you, didn't I know you when you first set foot on the rail, and hold my tongue for your sake?"

"I didn't mean anything by what I said," whispered the villain. "You are so blamed hard on a chap, somehow, and it grinds me to powder."

"I'll teach you your place before I have done with you. Go on deck, and remember this if you have not done this work when we turn into the South Pacific you go into the 'brig, if I can save you from the men, which I doubt."

"I'll do it, never fear," said the man. "I'm ready for anything now, for I'm sure they'd kill me if they knewed who I am."

"Kill you? They would tear you all to pieces. Go on deck, and remember your promise and the work you have to do."

"Good," muttered Forsythe, as he took up his lantern. "A dirty job taken off my hands, for I doubt if I could look the boy in the eye and do the trick for ten times the money. Let Black Rodger be the cat's paw to take my chestnuts out of the fire."

A new danger threatened Dick Fenton; another deadly enemy, unsuspected by him, was on his track, and this man was the more dangerous, because his own life depended upon the destruction of the boy. With such an acute mind as that of Forsythe the murderous hand of Black Rodger, there was little hope for him.

CHAPTER X. ON THE MAIN YARD.

As the men sat over their pea soup and coffee in the forecastle at dinner, Bates watched the lad furtively from beneath his black brows. He was willing enough to earn five hundred dollars, even in this way, but he wanted a pretext, and that pretext came, for in moving on his chest, Dick accidentally stepped some of the soap out of his "kid" upon the lap of Black Rodger, who sat on the next chest.

"What did you do that for, you gal-lows snipe," roared the ex-wrecker.

"I beg your pardon, Bates, it was an accident."

"An accident, you lie!"

"I do not lie; the kid slipped out of my hands."

By way of reply, Rodger dashed the contents of his own "kid" into the boy's face. It was quite hot, though not hot enough to scald him badly, but in the school in which he was taught, he had learned never to receive an insult without resenting it. As for me, I cannot deny the boy who can turn the other cheek when he receives a blow. In nine cases out of ten, he is a sneak and coward, who dares not meet his enemy openly. Not that I advise boys to be quarrelsome, or to fight in an unjust cause, but to defend themselves when unjustly assailed. This was the teaching which Dick had received, and springing from his chest, he slapped the wrecker in the face with his open hand, a blow which had him on his back on the chest. By this time, Tatty was on his feet, but Dick laid his hand on his broad breast and held him back.

"Don't spoil a fair fight," he said.

"It isn't such a bad match as you may think."

Tatty looked, admiringly, at the well knit muscles of the lad, as he threw off his jacket, leaving only the tight jersey below it, through which his sturdy arms and shoulders showed to good advantage.

"I'll trust you," said Tatty, "but I stand up here to see fair play, and the first one who touches a muscle, I'll knock clean through the bulwarks."

Black Rodger sat off the chest and threw off his coat. There was a red mark across his face where the hand of the boy had lighted, and his eyes sparkled with furious light. He was not a tall man, but very heavy, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. But, this very fact was against him in a fair stand up fight, for he had superfluous flesh, which Dick had not.

"I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever experienced," he said.

"All right," replied Dick. "Brag is a good word, but holdfast is a better; come on."

The game of Dick Fenton was excellent. He stood with his left foot forward, his left hand and arm slightly advanced across his breast as a guard, and his right hand close to his hip, ready to strike in return. On the contrary, Black Rodger, depending upon his ponderous strength, and knowing nothing of science, rushed in awkwardly, sending in a swinging but tremulous blow, which, if it had reached the brave boy, would have knocked him completely "out of time."

But, to the surprise of every one who looked on, the blow was put aside neatly, and Dick's right hand, alighted with stunning force between the eyes of his opponent, and for a moment he was witness of a remarkable phenomenon. Numberless stars danced before his vision, and directly after something struck the floor; and reasoning by analysis, the man concluded that he had been knocked down.

A stunning blow from the starboard watch greeted the success of their favorite, for whose success they had hardly dared to hope. He was too well trained to strike a false blow, and stepped back a pace or two, in order to permit him to get on his feet.

He rose, foaming with rage, and made another rush at the boy, desiring to crush him down by the weight of his onward rush. But, as before, he was baffled by the science of his young opponent, who gave way step by step, that right hand shooting out suddenly and sharply from

time to time, and never failing to reach its mark. Three times he put in a blow and made his mark upon the dark face of his huge enemy. Wild with shame, the man opened his hands and sprang upon the boy with a pantherlike scream. But Dick slipped nimbly to one side, and again put in that crushing blow, bringing his enemy to the floor with a heavy crash. He did not attempt to rise, but throwing his hand into the bosom of his jersey he drew a pistol, but before he could cock it, the weapon was wrenched from his hand by Tatty, who had kept his eye upon him.

"I'm referee in this fight," he said.

"Do you holier enough?"

"Yes," replied Bates, sullenly. "But let me tell that young rooster one thing; he ain't seen the last of this business. Rodger Bates don't forget."

"What did you say, I didn't quite get the name you used?"

"I said, Rodger Bates don't forget."

"No, I didn't; thunder and lightning; Tatty, I said Bates," replied the referee.

"Maybe you thought you did. Bates, Bates, where have I heard that name?"

"All hands on deck, ahoy!" cried the voice of the mate. "Tumble up lively, all the starboard watch. Move your popper off the main bowsprit!"

The call for all hands put an end to the fight at once, and the men sprang at the companion ladder and ran up to the deck.

"Lay aloft there; stations for taking in sail," roared the mate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COSTUMES AND MANNERS OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The tradesmen before the Revolution were a different race from the present. They were none of them ashamed of their leather aprons. Faded buckskin breeches, once radiant in yellow splendor, checked shirts and red flannel jackets were the common wear of most workmen. All the hired women wore short gowns and linsey woodsey petticoats. Calfskin shoes were the exclusive property of the gentry. The servants wore cowhide. Tooth brushes were unknown. The better sort were content to rub the teeth with a chalked rag or with snuff. It was commonly thought effeminate for men to clean the teeth at all. Not only the roystering cavalier but the quiet citizen were fond of a certain leanness in dress. Men wore cocked hats and wigs, coats with large cuffs and big skirts, lined and stiffened with buckram. The coat of a beau had three large plaits in the skirts, wadded profusely to keep them smooth, with low collars to show off the fine linen cambric stock, and the largest silver buckle on the back of the neck. The shirt was ruffled to the wrists.

The breeches had silver, stone or paste buckles. Gold or silver shoe buttons, with stones, were generally worn. No cotton fabrics were then known. Stockings were of thread or silk in summer and of worsted in winter. Surtees were never worn, but they had cloth great coats instead, or brown camel cloth, with green or blue lining. In the time of the Revolution many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great coats. In winter gentlemen wore little wooden boots to protect their hands. It was not uncommon to see old people with large silver buttons on their coats and vests, with their initials engraved on each button. The ladies all wore large pockets under their gowns, and white aprons. No color but black was ever made up for silk or satin bonnets. Fancy colors were unknown, and white silk bonnets had never been seen. The use of lace veils did not commence until the present century. Ladies' shoes were made of silk or russet, stitched with white waxed thread and having wooden heels. The sole leather was worked with the flesh side out. Subscription balls became very fashionable soon after the Revolution. No gentleman under twenty-one and no lady under eighteen was admitted. The supper consisted of tea, chocolate and rusks. Everything was conducted by six married managers. They distributed places by lot and arranged the partners for the evening. The gentlemen drank tea with the parents of their partners the day after the ball, which gave the chance for a more lasting acquaintance.

THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS.

In a work upon the antiquity of the North American Indians, the symbol of the cross is traced. Some have supposed that the presence of the cross, and the appearance in ancient grave monuments of the monoliths, three in various symbols of representations, militates against the antiquity of such structures, and limits the date of their construction to a period subsequent to primal contact between the European and the red races. Even a cursory examination of the myths of the new world will convince us that such an idea is erroneous. The earlier Catholic missionaries met the symbol of the cross as an existing object of regard, and of at least qualified admiration among the Indians. The Aztec goddess of Rain bore across her hand. It was the central object in the great temple of Cuernavaca, and is still preserved on the bas-reliefs of the ruined city of Palenque. Among the Leni Lenape, the sign of the cross was used during incantations for rain; and at the festival of the Bask, the Creeks built their new fire the centre of four bags placed end to end, the corners pointing to the four cardinal points.

OUT OF HERCULEANUM.—An interesting discovery of a life-size female bust in pure silver has lately been made at Herculeanum. The work, according to an account lately given, is in a state of excellent preservation, and is the only specimen of its kind which has been found during the course of the excavations. At first the material was thought to be only bronze, the action of the sulphur having somewhat altered the appearance of the surface, and the sulphate of silver which has formed upon the metal yielding a black color like that found in the commonest sort of material. The bust was removed to the museum, when one of the keepers, struck with the unusual tone of the bronze, scraped away a part of the surface, and at once came upon the silver beneath. A discussion has arisen whether the work was originally cast or chased, but there seems now little doubt that the former hypothesis is correct. The head is that of a young and beautiful woman, but as yet the features have not been identified with those of any other extant head.

A SIMPLE FLOWER may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life.

MEMORIES.

BY D. A. BRUCE.

It comes not back with glare of day,
Sweet memories of the loved and lost;
Come not where careless joys are tossed,
Where strange hearts are gay?

Bring me again with evening's gleam
The tender tears of life's first dream,
The promise I may never forget,
With starting's solemn dream?

Thou art more near me, darling, then,
Mid summer valleys gray with mist,
Mid summer woodlands silver mist,
Then in the house of death.

While ever dark blue tidelines me
The gently creaking sails about,
And steals the spirit's earthly love
Up to heaven and then.

FACE TO FACE.

OR,
SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers in the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI. A BOLD STROKE OF POLICY.

Lady Clementina had laid her plans inexorably, and poor Lina's white, worn, anxious young face never moved her to alter her cruel purpose. The girl was to be sacrificed to the old marquise, who, having taken a fancy to her, determined to win her somehow, and was very glad to find an ally in her stately older sister.

He came every day, and might have been discouraged by Lina's manners, only that Lady Clementina was at his elbow to hint that the child was only coy, and unwilling, besides, to believe that a man of the marquise's rank and age could possibly seek a mere girl like herself.

"Then, ought I to make my intentions clear?" inquired he.

"Not yet, my lord," replied Lady Clementina. "I don't mind telling you that Lina is a little peculiar about some things, and does not receive impressions quickly. I have no doubt about your success ultimately, but you must have patience."

"You understand Lina better than I do; I will, therefore, obey your commands."

"That is right," answered Lady Clementina, with one of her cold smiles. "You know that I am heart and soul in your cause."

"I am sure you are very good to interest yourself in me, Lady Clementina," said the old marquise, politely.

"The fact is, I should be glad to see Lina happily married," was the false reply; "and I almost fear she would not choose wisely of her own accord. She has warm affections, and I am sure she has only to know you to love you."

The marquise bowed, with his hand on his heart. He was one of those men whose outward air of courtesy and great refinement concealed a hard, cold heart. He was a smooth-tongued tyrant—a nobleman without nobility of soul—a despot, who fancied that the poor were only made for him to grind under his heel and oppress with the bitter oppression that pleased and stimulated his cruel nature. With his equals he was rather popular than otherwise, because they did not know him as he really was; but the poor cursed him in their secret hearts as he passed by.

This was the husband whom Lady Clementina had chosen for the gentle Lina, who had the tender love of all heaven's creatures. And all this while Lina, who was just recovering from the shock occasioned by her maid's sudden announcement of Mr. Carthen's death, was recovering, she knew, but had he not deserted her? Directly he was well enough he would go abroad, and she should not see him for many a long, weary year. She had not known till now how dearly she loved him, and the revelation came at a time when it could only increase her pain, not add to her happiness. Lina believed that she should never like any one again as she had liked him, and she was probably right; for he was that steadfast, faithful nature which accepts a passion of this kind with reluctance, but having once cherished it, holds it to the end. Even as a child she had loved Mr. Carthen, as a woman, she would cling to her part fearfully, trying to shut her eyes to the dead blank of future that lay between her and her eighteen years.

But Lady Clementina did not mean that this should be so. She had other plans, as we know, for her sister, and poor Lina was as feeble in her unlighted eyes as a frail leaf, which the wind tosses about at its will. That evening, when it was getting dusk, Lady Clementina crept out at a side door and took her way towards the Hall. She put her head into a cottage door as she passed it, where a sick girl was lying in all the anguish of lingering death, and asked, in a low, assumed voice, when Dr. Robinson was expected there.

"In half an hour, at the utmost," said the mother, looking up from her sewing, curiously. "Who wants to know?"

"It's only a gipsy woman, mother," said the sick girl, faintly. "Look at her great grimed hat. I dreamt last night there was a camp on the common. She's gone now."

Ay, and out of hearing, too. She had just wanted to know the time, and that was all. The slow, sad murmur of the dying girl's voice went out with her into the darkness, and hurried her on. To-morrow Lina would be sitting at that very bedside, reading sweet words of comfort, listening to her plaintive regrets with tender patience; for Lina was never more at home than when she was amongst the poor and sick. Lady Clementina stated the matter to her, reminding her of the action of the sulphur having somewhat altered the appearance of the surface, and the sulphate of silver which has formed upon the metal yielding a black color like that found in the commonest sort of material. The bust was removed to the museum, when one of the keepers, struck with the unusual tone of the bronze, scraped away a part of the surface, and at once came upon the silver beneath. A discussion has arisen whether the work was originally cast or chased, but there seems now little doubt that the former hypothesis is correct. The head is that of a young and beautiful woman, but as yet the features have not been identified with those of any other extant head.

Mr. Carthen was lying back on the couch, with his eyes half closed; but at the sound of her soft footfall he looked up quickly, and an eager flush dyed his pale, thin cheeks.

"How good you are, Lady Clementina. I never dared hope that you would come, or so soon."

"Am I unwelcome?"

"Is the sun welcome?"

"Unfortunately, I am not the sun."

"To me, in the dull apathy of sickness, you are like the sun, and brighten my room as much. Sit down here, and tell me, have you brought me good news?"

"Only Clementina shook her head."

"I have not said it such, Mr. Carthen, Lina is resolute to carry out her purpose."

"She will marry the marquise," said Mr. Carthen, in a tone of utter despair.

"I fear so. Nothing I can say seems to have the slightest effect. She says she knows what will make her happier than I do."

"Alas! I wish it were so. But have you inquired if there is any reason for her strange conduct? About the doctor?"

"We were right, Mr. Carthen, I grieve to say. She owes nearly five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds?"

He echoed the words almost incredulously.

"I was as much surprised as you are, until she showed me her jewel box, and then I no longer doubted."

"But I have never seen her wear a single costly ornament."

"True; she is afraid of being questioned by papa and others, as to how she came by them, and having to acknowledge that they are still unpaid for. She knows that nothing would offend my father so much as to know that his daughters were in debt."

Mr. Carthen looked down, and the shadow over his face showed how truly grieved he was to be obliged to think so ill of the woman he still loved. Presently he said:

"I hope you induced her to accept my offer?"

"I had no difficulty whatever. She seemed greatly relieved to find such an easy way out of her troubles. She begged me to thank you kindly for your proposition, and to say that she would repay you as soon as she could. The marquise settles thirty thousand pounds upon her, and my father ten thousand pounds; so that I do not see any chance of your losing your money, or I would not allow her to impose upon your generosity in this manner."

"I am very glad to be of service to her; and as to the money, it is of no use to me; therefore it is a poor compliment, even, and nothing of a service, to ask her to make use of it. I hope you will say that I shall not look for its return; but that she has five hundred pounds to spare. I shall ask her, if it will make her more comfortable, to bestow it on some charity in my name."

"Oh, Mr. Carthen," murmured Lady Clementina, in a penetrating tone, "how little my poor Lina deserves all your goodness. If I were she, I would not allow you to pay my debts, and after all that has happened, too."

"Then you would be a soft, Lady Clementina," he replied, with a soft smile; "for you would assuredly deny me a very great pleasure."

"But after treating you so cruelly?"

"Nay," he said, "she is not a child; one must pardon her what one would not pardon others. The old marquise's wealth glimmers her eyes, and the jewels and grand settlements are, as you say, weighty inducements. If she were older, one would hate her, but remembering that she is only eighteen, one pardons and pities her, and prays heaven that she may not wake from her golden dream only to sigh and weep."

"Others will not judge her so tenderly as you judge her, Mr. Carthen."

"Because others do not know her so well as I know her. She is such an innocent young creature, that, I believe, when she errs, it is from ignorance only. Age will give her wisdom and, alas! I greatly fear, sorrow."

"I fear so, too; but we can do nothing."

"What does Lord Dacre say to this marriage?"

"He says that he must needs be contented, since Lina seems so pleased; but my mother has grown sadder of late, and though she does not say why, I fancy it must be that. She married for love herself, when my father was a poor tradesman, with a very distant prospect of title and estate; if it could be called a prospect at all, and she must feel the difference between Lina's marriage and her own. Still she feels herself, no doubt, powerless to prevent the evil, and thinks it wiser to hold her peace."

"That's a mistake, surely. Lina might be influenced by her mother's words, knowing that she had made sacrifices herself to marry a man she loved. I don't understand Lina, Mr. Carthen. Nothing earthly will move her, when she is once resolved. I know that by experience."

"She looks so gentle!" he sighed, and glancing at Lady Clementina, as she sat opposite, with her great black eyes, he almost wondered if she were drawing her own portrait instead of Lina's.

"I should like to write to her," he added, after a long, reflective pause. "I have known her so long, that I may possibly have a certain influence with her, that she is not even conscious of herself."

"You could hardly hope to succeed where all of us have failed."

"That is true, still, you do not forbid me to try."

"Indeed, no. I will take your letter, and do all I can to make Lina understand your motives, but I feel sure it will be useless."

"Lady Clementina, I am going to take a great liberty."

"How?"

"I am going to ask you to hand me the writing materials on yonder table. I cannot move yet, and I dare not summon a servant, for your sake."

"Why should you make so many apologies?" she said, softly; "it is a real pleasure to be able to help you. Shall I bring the whole affair?"

"If it is not too much trouble."

"I tell you that it is no trouble at all."

"I would thank you, only that you must be almost tired of my gratitude by this time."

"You seem to think I have very little patience."

"Nay, I could not think that, since you have borne with me so kindly."

"There was nothing to bear," she murmured, softly.

"I don't know. Ladies say that men are bears and bores, too, when they are sick."

"If so, you must be an exception to the general rule. I have not heard a single complaint pass your lips."

"And yet there are times when I chafe greatly at the restraint my wound im-

poses on me. I never wanted more to be up and doing than at this present time. If I have to stay here, and hear the marriage bells ring out, it will drive me mad."

"Trust me, Mr. Carthen," she answered, shading her gleaming eyes from his view; "this shall not happen; you shall be spared all the pain possible. The marriage I cannot prevent, but I can prevent its taking place here. There will be more room for display in town; and, therefore, I am sure Lina will not object."

"Thank you, Lady Clementina. You have made me eternally grateful by this promise. I will get away as soon as I can; but the doctor tells me it is an ugly wound, and will take a long time to heal. I expect to be an invalid for months."

"Hope not."

"You are very good."

Her sympathy—the sympathy of a proud, high creature like Lady Clementina—could not but be grateful to Mr. Carthen, in his utter desolation. His weakness made him value it the more, too; softening his very nature, as bodily weakness often does with man. He could have wept like a woman, with his pride, that any mortal eye should witness his agonies. But at Lady Clementina's gentle words, which her eyes, now melting and tender, enforced with all their eloquence, he turned his own away, and brushed off a gathering tear hastily. When he could steady his voice sufficiently, he spoke again:

"Lady Clementina, I am grievously ashamed to make you wait upon me, but I find I must ask you another favor."

"She rose at once, smiling."

"Do you notice a little mother-of-pearl box on the centre table?"

"Indeed, I ought not to take it, since it belonged to your mother. You are depriving yourself of a great treasure in order to please me."

"I have other things that belonged to her more precious by far. There is another locket made in the same way, only it has my mother's portrait on the outside instead of this. My father always wore it, and it was on his heart when he died. I would not have recovered it, only that he had told me just before he took it from him when he was gone, and keep it forever in remembrance of him, and of my mother, when both were in heaven."

"Your mother died first?"

"Yes."

"Will you show me that locket?"

"It is next to my heart now, he said, softly; "a shot has disfigured the bust; but, fortunately, it has not touched the face. I will write my letter, if you will allow me, first, and then I will see if I can get the chain over my neck, that you may be able to see it clearly."

Lady Clementina sat back silent in her seat, and Mr. Carthen wrote on. She could see by his face how the wording of this letter, from which he dared hope so much, pained and moved him. His lips, unconscious of her scrutiny, he did not even try to control, and they quivered nervously, as if his passionate pleadings were breaking into speech. Presently, Lady Clementina said, half rising, as if she were afraid of being surprised:

"I never thought of Dr. Robinson; what time will he be here?"

"I don't know. He is attending some sick girl at Lansdown, and they could have told you what time, if you had asked. He generally lets them know when to expect him, in order that they may not disturb them at their evening meal."

"It's a pity I did not think of it," said Lady Clementina, craftily. "I would do almost anything to serve you, Mr. Carthen; but, if Dr. Robinson were to find me here with you, I could never hold up my head again. I once offended his wife by not bowing to her when I should; and, since that, he has hated me thoroughly, and never ceases to seek ill of me to whoever he can find to listen."

Mr. Carthen remembered, as she said this, that Dr. Robinson had spoken of her once to him, in no flattering terms, as a woman of cruel purpose, and resolute will—a sleeping volcano, which one spark would fire. It never struck Mr. Carthen, although he had seen her in unfavorable moments, too, that Dr. Robinson might be right. The doctor was a shrewd physiognomist, and a good judge of character, too, as Mr. Carthen knew.

But, to do Dr. Robinson justice, he was not likely to give any opinion of her unless it were solicited. He knew that Mr. Carthen was very intimate at the Park; and, although rumor gave him to Lady Lina, it was quite possible that rumor might have made a mistake. But Lady Clementina did not give him credit for so much discretion; although, in the present instance, her fear of encountering him was entirely assumed, as she meant the doctor to find her in Mr. Carthen's house. She saw that Mr. Carthen could only be won by this bold stroke; and, although it might compromise her somewhat, she would gain him anyway, rather than not have him at all.

This was her deep-laid scheme—a design Mr. Carthen never, for a second, suspected, for he said, gravely and kindly:

"I will not detain you any longer, Lady Clementina, in case of accidents. By the time you have fastened your cloak, and tied your hat, I shall be ready."

"I don't expect he will be here yet."

"I fancy not; and yet I should be very both for you to run any risk on my account."

He scribbled on, but the minute lengthened into five, and Lady Clementina, sitting listening with bated breath, and lips gone white from their rigid compression, fancied, with a little thrill, that she heard the faint echo of horse's hoofs on the sandy lane through which Dr. Robinson should come. Mr. Carthen, absorbed in his appeal, wrote on. The sound grew stronger. Surely he would hear now, and hurry her away, or

propose some hiding place? No; his whole heart was in the words his busy pen was writing, and he thought of nothing else. Once, he glanced up.

"Only just one minute more, Lady Clementina. I should be truly ashamed, only that you are so good. Now I have done," he added, presently, and began to fold his letter, which had lengthened, gradually, into three whole sheets.

"Am I not to see the locket, as a reward for my patience?" she said, in a voice she could not control, and that was all; for the horse had stopped at the door, and she could detect the doctor's step crossing the threshold, as he entered, according to his custom, when his time was precious, without waiting to be announced.

"I am afraid I must ask you to stoop down and look at it," Mr. Carthen said, as he drew it out. "The chain is rather short, and my arm is too weak yet for the effort, I find."

"Never mind," she said; "I can see it very well so."

She bent down, and whilst her head—tingling with the fire of the passionate flush on her face—was so drooped that it looked as if it were resting on his heart in loving security and ease, the door opened, and Dr. Robinson came in. He stood one minute, petrified at what he saw—uncertain as to whether he ought to advance or retreat, and thoroughly overcome by surprise; whilst Lady Clementina dropped lower and lower, as if ashamed to raise her haughty brows to their old high carriage of disdain.

but you are growing just like your mother."

"That's because I look delicate, I suppose," answered Nat, trying to laugh. "There's something very womanish in a white face. I think, if nothing turns up to-day, father, I'll get on some strange road to-morrow, and beg."

"Yes, and get took up for vagrancy. That would be a fine way of helping yourself, or me either. It seems as if you'd a regular hankering after prison, Nat."

"I want you to have food," said Nat, "well, lad, well," sighed the old man, "you're a good son, and if I speak harsh, don't take no notice. It isn't meant; and—and—why, it's hunger, and that's the fact. Sweet words don't come out of an empty stomach. I think we could hold out another week, couldn't we?"

"Not without something," said Nat. "You'll get a hare or a rabbit, maybe, to-night. Come, cheer up, lad; we ain't dead yet!"

Nat smiled faintly. "I don't care for myself," he said. "And you needn't care for me. Fast-ing will do me good, you may depend."

Nat felt that his father was only trying to cheer him, and it made him the sadder. He had not noticed before how thin the old poacher was getting.

"I must do something," thought Nat; and yet, when night came, nothing had been done. He had gone in search of work, it is true, but had received the same invariable answer:

"We don't want any poachers here!"

Nat crept home, utterly discouraged. He was getting so weak with these long journeys that he could hardly crawl over the threshold. But he had a crust of bread, which a farmer's wife had thrown out of doors, in disdain of its dryness, and this he had carefully saved for his father.

He put it down on the table, with a grim smile, and drew up a chair.

Old Mark looked at it wistfully; and, then divided it into two, handed Nat half.

"Nay, father," said the lad; "I've had my share."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Don't trouble about me, father. I shall do very well."

Old Mark ate up the dry crust greedily.

Nat was growing dizzy now; his brain whirled, and a mist came before his eyes. Hunger and fatigue were doing their work. He sank into a kind of stupor that looked like sleep.

"Nat," said the old poacher, presently. "You might get something to-night."

"Yes, father."

"I think I could pick you up a charge of shot, perhaps; I was looking in the drawer this afternoon. That would be better than nothing; only you mustn't waste it in a bad aim, through eagerness."

"Yes, father."

"Yes, father."

"You gave me all the bread?"

Nat looked up, stupefied.

"Bread?" he repeated. "Bread? Is there any bread?"

"You are famished, boy?"

Nat roused himself, then, with a terrible effort. "Only tired, father. It was a dreary way. Let me sleep."

"Lie down on the bed."

"No," he said; "I'll stay where I am. It won't be long."

"Your mind's wandering, lad," said the old man. "Curse all them that has brought you to such a cruel pass!"

"I only meant I should have to go out presently," replied Nat, pinching himself savagely, in order to dissipate the stupor that was fast gaining possession of him. "My mind's all right."

Old Mark went back to his seat then, but he watched Nat stealthily, until he began to doze himself. Presently, there was a knock at the door. Neither of the men heard it, and the visitor, finding that no answer came to this appeal, walked in.

It was growing dusk now, but it was still light enough for Milly Lowe to see the change that famine had wrought in the two unhappy men.

Their features were pinched and shrunken, their complexions livid; and Nat's hand, as it supported his cheek, was so thin that she wondered as she saw it. Now, Milly's own troubles had softened her heart and widened her sympathies. She had always been kindly and generous; but when she heard of old Mark's and Nat's misfortunes, although she knew they were in part merited, the recollection of Herbert's liking for them made her anxious to do what she could to help them. She had tried to induce her father to take them into his employ at the door. Neither of the men had done so at any other time, but he was unwilling to offend Lord Dacre just now, being fully possessed with the notion that Milly would eventually marry the young viscount, and that he might prejudice her interests by encouraging the poachers.

But Milly, in her great compassion, thought of them, and wondered how they were getting on.

This evening her father was away, and her reflections were such sorrowful companions, that she was glad to have some sweet deed of charity to occupy her.

First of all, Milly, smiling the first time for many a long day, went to get a basket. Into this she managed to put a beef-steak, a loaf of good white bread, her own dainty little hands had made and fashioned; after these came gossily lumps of pork, white and firm as marble; a little packet of tea, and the same of sugar. She added a bottle of beer the last thing; and then, finding that no amount of coaxing would induce the basket to hold anything more, she went to put on her hat. She was so cheered by the thought of the comfort she was going to carry to the old poacher, that she looked quite bright and eager as she issued forth.

Tommy Wilson was hanging about as usual, watching her, and he made a gesture as she approached, which she plainly understood as an offer to carry the basket for her; but Tommy was out of favor with his young mistress now-a-days, and she resolutely refused.

Tommy drew back then with a disappointed air, and stood gnawing his fingernails moodily as she passed on.

When Milly found that her knock met no answer, she concluded that the two men were out, and walked in. One glance around the room, at the empty hearth and pinched white faces of father and son, told all she wanted to know.

In God's beautiful land of plenty two living creatures were actually dying in want of food!

ger herself in her vivid sympathy, and she had to brush the tears out of her eyes before she could see to perform her gracious service.

Then, swiftly, and silently, she laid the table for two, glancing often at the men, who, stupefied with hunger, slept on, unconscious. When everything was set in dainty order, Milly stood one minute to survey her work, smiling; then took up her basket again—empty this time—and departed, closing the door noiselessly after her.

Old Mark was the first to rouse. The clock was striking ten when he yawned, stretched himself, and, bending over the empty grate mechanically to warm his chilled fingers, said, looking wistfully across at his son:

"Are you asleep, lad?"

"No, father," answered Nat, awake in an instant and ready to deny that he had slept at all.

"I'd just got to a feast again when that confounded clock struck and woke me, Nat! Hullo!"

"What is it, father?" inquired Nat, confusedly.

"Why, look-ee there! That's the very best I was dreaming of, if I don't declare. Set to, lad—set to!"

"But how did it come?" said Nat, now fairly roused, but still dizzy.

"We'll eat first, and talk of that afterward," said Nat, and took to that after-ward's talk.

This was good advice, assuredly. Nat proceeded to follow it without delay. The two men ate thankfully, and were filled. There was not even a crumb left when old Mark put down his knife and fork, and, lifting his mug to his lips, drained off the last drop of the beer it contained.

"Ah!" he said, "there's no sauce like hunger, Nat. The queen never sups half so well as we have supped to-day."

"And now, father, how should you say it got here?"

Old Mark shook his head.

"The world's turned topsy-turvy, Nat, and that's the truth. There's no calculating upon anything now-a-days. The spirits are very busy to what they used to be when I was young, for it was rare enough that we heard any mention of them, and now they're so meddling there's no providing against them."

"And you think it's spirits, then?"

"Doesn't it stand to reason?" inquired the old man, sharply. "We are sitting here, aren't we, as quiet as mice, just dozing a minute off and on, but nothing to hinder our wits from being at work, and something creeps, and lays the table, and puts good food where there was none, and then creeps out again? Now, I ask you, in a reasonable way, anything but a spirit could have done that?"

"It looks queer?"

"It's more than queer!" answered old Mark.

"Only, father, I think it right to mention that the ale was uncommon like Squire Lowe's last brewing."

"That's nothing. How should spirits understand making ale? They might have heard you praise that, the same as they know my longing was for beefsteak, and so they just said it was to be so, and it came."

"Anyhow, wherever it came," said Nat, rising to his feet, almost strong again. "I'm very thankful, father—most for your sake, and something for my own—for I was well-nigh spent."

"Ah! I could see that."

"And there's enough left for breakfast in the morning."

"We must make two meals of that," said the old man, prudently; "we can't tell when the spirit will come again."

"But I feel so cheered up now, I do believe I could catch a rabbit or something, if I was to go out."

"Nay, I'd go to bed," said the old poacher, who, no longer pressed by hunger, could afford to be indulgent. "I'll get out with you yourself to-morrow night, but my head's a-dozing—ale was strong, I fancy—and being so weak—"

Before he could finish this sentence he was soon asleep. Nat dared not leave him so, but he managed to drag him on to the bed, and here he was safe. This completed, Nat prepared to issue forth. But it seemed as if the ale had been potent in its effects on the enfeebled brains of both the men, for even Nat's youth and natural strength could not resist it.

He felt his legs double under him, and a mist came over his sight.

"I'll go to bed for a couple of hours," he said to himself; "and then I shall be all right. A pint of ale, when you're weak, goes farther than a gallon when you're strong."

However, it was close upon dawn before Nat awoke, lighted a candle to look at the time, and then, leaving his father still asleep, went out.

It is generally at its darkest before the day breaks; and Nat went stumbling down the path that led to Loudoun Point, scarcely knowing where he trod.

He was going to the warren close by. But, just as he got under the trees, a thrill of horror seized him suddenly. All the occurrences of that terrible night when poor Flax was murdered rose up vividly before him, and a great trembling and fear fell upon him.

At this minute Nat stumbled over some obstacle in his path, and lay prone on the ground. He stretched out his hand to save himself, and it came in contact with something icy cold, clammy, horrible—the face of the dead!

He knew it by instinct—by the terror that rushed tingling from his finger-tips to his head—by the faintness that kept him there still, when he felt that he would give twenty years out of his life to be away.

Presently he managed to stagger to his feet; and then the gray dawn broke, and he saw the ghastly, livid face and blue lips of the ill-fated Flax, and knew that the horror of the sight would last all his days. How could it have been disinterred?

This was the question; but Nat could not stay to answer it now. His work was clear before him, and, moreover, it must be done at once in case of a surprise. He rushed home for a spade.

And now he had dug the grave open again, and, with head averted, pushed Flax gently into the hole.

At this minute he heard a step. Nat did not move his work well; and, indeed, the turf would not fit in so as to conceal the shape of the grave. He was conscious of this fact, and, moreover, certain that the newcomer must see what had been done, and would have his curiosity excited by the appearance of the ground, which plainly suggested some mystery and courted investigation.

Nat did not quite care to be found on the spot under such suspicious circum-

stances, and so dashed into the wood and sat down in the corner of a thick mass of brambles and underwood to watch. To his surprise and relief, the idiot, Tommy Wilson, appeared on the scene, and Nat's fixed, fascinating gaze found a change in his face and manner that was unaccountable, and gave a new character to the man and his actions.

His countenance was stern and grave, his eyes full of a strange fire of passion, and longing, and disappointment. He looked about him with a look of intense anxiety, walked two or three times round the Point, and then bent over the pool, as if searching there for something he had lost.

Finally, he cut a thick stick from a bough overhead, and poked about amongst the thick, stagnant waters, but apparently without success, for he came back to the Point again, and, stooping down, examined the ground carefully. He looked about him with a look of intense anxiety, walked two or three times round the Point, and then bent over the pool, as if searching there for something he had lost.

He clenched his fist, and his lips moved in what Nat might have taken for a curse, had he not known that the lad was without speech, and could only express his feelings in incoherent mutterings and cries.

But nothing of this kind came. With a silence that seemed awful to Nat, looking on, the idiot felt all round the grave with his bony fingers, as if measuring its width. Then he pushed his finger down, possibly to discover if the earth were lightly laid or beaten hard in, and seemed satisfied when he found that it had not been skillfully done.

After this, he gathered some grass, to cover the bare lines of soil, and stuck them in such a manner that a mere passer-by would observe nothing peculiar in the aspect of the spot, and would fail to see the shape of the grave, which Nat had clumsily left exposed.

These precautions taken, Tommy rose from his knees, threw a long, steady glance about him, and moved swiftly away.

Nat watched until he had disappeared, and then he came forth from his hiding-place and hurried home, too excited and disturbed by the scene he had just witnessed, too anxious to have old Mark's opinion on the point, to think for one second of the rabbit he had intended to have for supper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT THE GOSSIPS SAID.

BY FANNIE ROOPER FEUDOE.

It was taken at last—the beautiful "Elm Cottage," so long vacant. For twelve whole months it had been closed, though during the time there had been many applicants for the possession of this cozy nest. But the landlord, a crusty old bachelor with more dollars than demands for them, was notional, and did not choose to risk the choice shrubbery and costly green-house with any but just the right sort of a tenant. Rumor said this dainty nest had been prepared, originally, by the lonely old man, as a retreat for a fairy bird that had promised to mate with him, but never came; and though the owner grew, with the passing years, more taciturn and moody, yet he could never quite lose his interest in the pretty surroundings that had cost him such infinite pains to gather for his expected darling. So, much of the time, the pretty cottage had been closed; then a widowed niece came, and the said old man almost learned to smile again, but she married and went abroad, and "Elm Cottage" was shut up for another twelvemonth.

Now, at last, it was taken—"for a lady," said the handsome young doctor who engaged it. He had been but six months in Newton, and from his first coming had occupied a suite of rooms in the principal hotel of the village. He drove a fast horse, but was by no means a "fast young man," unless entitled to that appellation in virtue of being always busy, either with his books or his patients; and always in too great a hurry to lounge at street corners, puffing cigarettes and pointing his eye-glass at the ladies who passed. Handsome he certainly was, and *distinguish* in manners as in person, but reserved almost to *hauteur*, and seldom permitting, even from his own sex, any approach to familiarity. He formed few friendships, and accepted few invitations, socially, but professionally he was ever ready, prompt and attentive—not less so to "clerical cases" than to his best paying patients. Marvellously successful, he had been in almost every case where his services were called for; and so it came to pass that the young doctor was fast winning golden opinions throughout the entire community—perhaps quite as much by his noble presence, as in view of the cures his extraordinary skill had effected.

Half the marriageable maidens of the village had already surrendered at "Elm Cottage" without "discretion," the strongholds of their affections to the fascinating stranger; while manœuvring mannasses were constrained to admit his claim to be considered "a very excellent match."

Even the Misses Jerusha and Charity Lafarge, maiden ladies of "no particular age," who had begun to resign themselves to their seemingly inevitable destiny, the delights of single blessedness, had their hopes once more revived at the coming of the young M. D., who seemed never to lose a patient, nor fail in winning a heart.

"He may not be so very young, after all," Miss Jerusha sensibly remarked to her sister. "Appearances are wondrously deceptive sometimes, for who would think that you and I were much more than just out of our teens, and we both so spry and active," said the ancient maid, broiling her skinny neck, and surveying her faded charms in the mirror opposite.

"And a doctor," spoke Miss Charity, "don't want a bit of a chit for a wife, that couldn't help him nurse his patients, and may be, wouldn't even know how to spread a spice plaster, or steep rosemary tea. These giddy village lassies wouldn't suit him at all, you may be sure of that."

So they plotted and planned in various circles, and formed conspiracies against the doctor's liberty, while he, poor, innocent victim, pursued the even tenor of his way, wholly unconscious of the manifold snares outspread for his unwary feet. But these numerous "air-castles" had all a sudden downfall, when it became known that Dr. Davis had actually taken Elm Cottage, and

further, that its cozy apartments were all to be newly papered and painted and generally refurnished preparatory to the coming of carpets and furniture ordered from the city. "From the city!" how aristocratic it sounded.

"And so there is nothing in Newton good enough for the doctor and his lady, for, of course, he is going to be married!" said the Misses Jerusha and Charity; and they ought to know, for they lived just opposite to "Elm Cottage," and saw—by peeping through their blinds—Dr. Davis giving orders to the workmen, and very carefully investigating the results of their skill, from day to day.

"Of course he wouldn't take all this pains for anybody but his wife. Men are all such selfish monsters they don't care for any home but the one they expect to occupy themselves," added the indignant Miss Charity.

When the furniture vans came and disgorged their manifold treasures, there was no longer room for even the shadow of a doubt. Who but a lady could require surroundings so dainty as that delicate furniture in rosewood and blue brocade, that grand piano, and such a collection of choice green-house plants? But *who was she?* Expectation was on tiptoe, and curiosity reached a point scarcely to be endured.

Day after day, the eager spinsters peered through closed blinds in hope of being rewarded by a discovery as to *who* was to be revealed; and especially when the denouement was to take place; while early and late their "dear friends" from a distance congregated in the Lafarge parlor, to discuss the position and be informed of the latest revelation. Every plan that ingenuity could devise was resorted to—the workmen were repeatedly summoned, but they knew nothing of the coming occupant. "Dr. Davis employed them, and would pay their bills; further than that they could not (or would not) say." Even the lion was bearded in his den—the crusty old bachelor landlord was waylaid at the cottage gate by the sisters, and Miss Jerusha ventured to hope they were to have agreeable neighbors; to which "hope" she received for answer, that "the expected tenant being a lady, will probably mind her own business, and if all others do the same nothing disagreeable would be likely to occur."

So with this rather doubtful innuendo they had to content themselves and wait for the developments of the future. And at last she came—a fair, delicate woman, evidently a lady, calm, courteous, low-voiced and gentle speaking. She was dressed in dainty, half mourning robes, and accompanied by a golden-haired fairy of about three years, all dimples and smiles, and a voice like the tinkling of smooth water. The doctor brought them, early one morning, in his buggy—it was supposed, as the "express" called with the trunks an hour afterwards.

All this the sisters saw from behind their blinds, but when the trio passed in, and the doctor closed the door after them, the anxious watchers had to draw on imagination for the sequel. But alas! they were unable to guess even the lady's age, for though her veil was thrown back, and the face clearly visible, the sweet blue eyes and sunny brown hair, told no tales. She might be twenty-five or forty-five, but whatever the number of cycles, time had trod so lightly as to leave no trace of its footsteps.

"So!" exclaimed Miss Jerusha, when the closed doors cut short her investigations, "she's a widow, I suppose; or, say, something worse, lifting her hands in holy horror. With all her smiles and coquettish airs, I wouldn't vouch for her. But I do wonder if *he* has married her. He hasn't been away, I know, for I met that stylish buggy of his every day, and there was a light in his chamber last night when we came from prayer-meeting. I noticed particularly to see what sort of hours he keeps. But what does it all mean? I can't make that out at all. The golden-haired chit can't be his, for I heard him myself, say, 'Dear Mamma, I don't like to leave you alone, but I must go to college.'"

"Not that a widow, without doubt," said Miss Charity (not the charity that "thinketh no evil"), "and I just believe he has brought her here for his own convenience—to be carrying on and flirting with her to his heart's content. No wonder they all tried to keep it so private. It's a crying shame, I declare, and a disgrace to the neighborhood!"

And the ancient maiden's pale blue eyes were rolled upwards in virtuous indignation at the imaginary insult to her immaculate purity.

"How do you know there is anything at all amiss?" said a quiet little body, who, sitting by the window writing, had not before joined in the conversation.

"The lady may be a friend or relative, who wishes to remove to Newton, requested the doctor to arrange a place of residence for her; and if so, he could, of course, on her arrival, do no less than conduct her and her child to their new home. I see nothing so very remarkable in all this; and so far as we know it, the doctor's character affords no ground for regarding with suspicion so natural and simple an act. Would it not be better to wait till wrong has been really done, before passing sentences of condemnation?"

"You needn't be taking the doctor's part, Annie Sherwood," angrily retorted Miss Charity. "He cares nothing for *you*, if he did attend you through that long spell for nothing, and then tell the school directors last winter that they must warm the house better, or it would kill you, and the children besides. He only wanted to get into notice with the directors, and as for attending you he had just come then, and was quite a feather in his cap to cure one that old Dr. Mills said was dying of consumption. So you needn't think the young doctor is dead in love with your pale-face! Doctors don't marry sick people; and besides the widow's cut you out now, and you may as well stop primping and putting on dainty airs. It's 'love's labor lost,' I can tell you, once for all!"

Two much pained and disgusted to reply, the young teacher rose, and, putting on her hat, started for school just as Dr. Davis was closing the gate of Elm Cottage. Seeing Annie, he crossed over, and while the sisters watched them from their windows he said something in low, earnest tones, at which the young girl smiled and nodded, and then passed on to her school, while the doctor sprang into his buggy and drove off.

Every day he called at the cottage, looking buoyant and happy, and he always entered without ringing, as if he had a right there, while occasionally, when the weather was fine, he took the lady out for a drive. Golden-haired little May was always of the party, and as the doctor lifted her in and out of the buggy her little arms were twined lov-

ingly about his neck, and the words, "I do love you ever so much," were more than once caught by Miss Jerusha, who happened, whenever the doctor's buggy stopped before Elm Cottage, to remember suddenly that she had something to do in her own front yard—the flowers needed tying up, a bouquet was to be gathered, or the vine-covered porch must be looked after.

As first she used to bow in her state-liest manner; but as time served only to confirm her suspicions of the doctor's outrageous intimacy at the cottage, she manifested her virtuous indignation by scornfully turning her back as he neared the gates, or drove past her enclosure. Nor was the indignant spinster slow in giving to others the full benefit of her discoveries till half the village was astray with wonders and innuendoes as to the meaning of the intimacy between the gentle mistress of Elm Cottage and her constant visitor.

The doctor's practice began to suffer in consequence, and the grapes, lately so tempting, proving "sour," neither manœuvring mothers nor marriageable daughters made any further attempt to pluck the fruit so evidently beyond their reach. Of the doctor's many lady admirers, one only proved amiable, Annie Sherwood, the lovely young teacher of the village school, still defended her friend, and received in return the sneers of a more than usual number of wits whom she boarded. But for the handsome price paid by their lodger, these immaculate spinsters would probably have turned the brave girl out of doors, as an "aider and abettor of the doctor's evil courses," because she dared to lift a dissenting voice against the tirade of slander that was hurled at his defenceless head in his absence. As it was, they contented themselves with knowing glances exchanged at table, upturned eyes of holy horror whenever the doctor's name was mentioned, and long, gratuitous lectures as to masculine deceit and perfidiness, and the importance of maidenly modesty and discretion.

The young teacher said little in reply, but applied herself diligently to her school duties, but when at home, generally kept her own apartment, seeming to have more than usual amount of sewing on hand—pretty, dainty garments of fleecy muslin and lace, that were always carefully folded away out of sight as soon as finished.

"Her examination dress, I suppose it must be," said Miss Jerusha, who had made an errand to Annie's room, on purpose to ascertain what had kept her there so much of late, and entering unannounced, found the fair seamstress in the very act of "trying on" a dainty robe, a very marvel of beauty and fragility, that a puff of wind might seemingly have demolished. Annie very coolly said she was engaged just then, and would be happy to see Miss Lafarge at some other time; and Miss Jerusha was compelled to retreat, with only the consolation of having a discovery to report, which she did, to the group assembled in the parlor, with sundry additions and improvements connected up from her own fertile imagination.

"Her examination dress, no doubt, but what a time she spends on it, as if a wedding were on foot, or a train of admirers to be fascinated, instead of only a school to be examined before proud old town councilmen, who don't know muslin from gingham, and married men at that. But she is a stuck up thing, anyhow, and that young scamp of a doctor completely turned her silly head by his attentions before the widow came, and now it seems she can't give him up, even when all virtuous people are crying for shame on his conduct."

But examination day came and went, and the dainty robes aforesaid did not see the light, much to the mystification of the maiden sisters. Annie donned, on that important occasion, only a white muslin suit, that had been in wear all summer, and nonchalantly tying on her little straw hat trimmed with daisies and forget-me-nots, joined the party from Elm Cottage at the gate, and they all walked over to the schoolhouse together, while the Misses Lafarge, from behind their closed blinds, exclaimed against Annie's boldness and want of self respect. Fortunately, she did not hear them, and so no harm was done.

The next day Annie's trunks were packed, as if for a journey, and her hostess was notified that her apartment would be vacated at noon. But fifteen minutes previous to that time, two carriages stopped before the door of the Lafarge mansion; and sweet Annie Sherwood, decked in snowy robes of satin and lace, her sunny curls twined with a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, accompanied the minister and his wife to the village church, and an hour later entered "Elm Cottage," as Mrs. Dr. Davis.

The happiest trio in the admiring group that encircled the gentle bride, was composed of her noble husband, his fair, sweet mother, and his only sister, darling golden-haired little May—the offspring of Mrs. Norton's second marriage.

The doctor was a most devoted son, and soon after his settlement in Newton, and his engagement with Annie, which she did not wish made public till her school term was ended, he proposed to his widowed mother to remove to the village and occupy permanently the pleasant home his affection had prepared for her. It had been his intention to reside with her from her first coming; but learning accidentally of the gossip about the intimacy of the Misses Lafarge on the day of the arrival, and the subsequent tattle concerning his intimacy at the cottage, he determined to teach the perpetrators of such contemptible scandal a lesson they would be likely to remember, and so arranged with his mother to continue temporarily in his lodgings, concealing meantime their relationship—their *raison* being facilitated by the difference of name and Mrs. Norton's youthful appearance.

Annie kept her own counsel, and the visits of her *father* were received at the schoolhouse after study hours, the doctor being always accompanied by Mrs. Norton and little May. And so, for the thousandth time, "Maiden Gloom" was in the wrong, the gossips were confounded, and the Misses Jerusha and Charity exclaimed, in vexation: "If we had only known," and "I wonder if she will tell the doctor and his mother all we said?" But Annie bore no malice; she was too happy in her nest of love not to pity the disappointed plotters, and the handsome young doctor was once more the universal favorite, though no longer an eligible match.

Men are generally like waggons: they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

RECEIPTS

GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CURE FOR WARTS.—Touch the wart with a little nitrate of silver (lunar caustic), or with nitric acid, or aromatic vinegar. The lunar caustic produces black, and the nitric acid a yellow stain. Sparks of frictional electricity, repeated daily, by applying the warts to the conductor of an electrical machine, have also been successfully employed as a cure for these troublesome and unsightly excrescences.

TO REMOVE DRY INK STAINS FROM CARPETS.—Make a paste of arsenic and water, and spread it upon the stain. When it has dried, wash it up, and repeat the process until the stains are removed. Of course, great care should be employed in the use of a substance so poisonous as arsenic. Another correspondent says she has partially removed the color from dry ink spots by wetting them with strong vinegar.

TO CLEAN KIDDER DRESSING GLOVES.—Fold a towel three or four times, and lay the glove upon it. Dip a bit of white flannel into a little milk; rub it on a cake of white or brown soap, and rub the glove with it. Commence at the wrist, and rub lengthwise towards the tips of the fingers, holding the glove firmly with the left hand. When all the soiled parts are cleaned, spread out the gloves on a towel to dry, and put them on crosswise. When quite dry, put them on the hands to stretch into shape.

CEMENT FOR KNIFE HANDLES.—The best cement for this purpose consists of one pound of colophony (purchasable at the druggists) and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand or brick dust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted in the cavity, and when cold it will be found fixed to its place with great tenacity.

WATERPROOF BLACKING.—The following receipt not only renders the leather and stitches waterproof and preserves them from the weather, but also preserves their polish when exposed to rain or moisture: Take two ounces of mutton tallow and two ounces of beeswax; melt this over the fire, and add two table-spoonsful of soft soap, stirred in slowly. Rub together in a mortar and powder finely two and a half ounces of lamp-black, half an ounce of indigo and six ounces of fine white sugar. Mix them with the melted fat and soap, slowly stirring in the powder. Take from the fire when well dissolved, and turn in half a pint of oil of turpentine. Stir until the whole mass is well incorporated, and keep in bottles tightly corked. Another receipt for waterproof blacking is as follows, and the materials are less costly: Take six table-spoonsful of soap and melt with one pound of beeswax. To this, when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of ivory-black or lamp-black, in powder; one ounce of Prussian blue, pulverized, and mix with the wax and soap. Then stir in two ounces of linseed oil; take from the fire, and add half a pint of turpentine. Only a small quantity of either of the two last receipts is required to polish harness, boots or shoes, and it should be carefully spread over the surface of the leather, and then polished with a soft brush.



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No. 17!

In No. 17 we shall commence

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OR,

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OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS, AND RECEIVE THE POST ONE MONTH GRATUITOUSLY.

1875.—ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the Post has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post office in this city.

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to rich subscribers. We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof, and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the Post, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing FORTY-EIGHT columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, POSTAGE PAID BY US, to any address, on the following terms:

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Our arrangements for literary matter—Serials, Tales, Sketches, Poems, in addition to contributions to all our Special Departments—are very full and complete.

THE POST during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published.

LENDING MONEY.—In order to make an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it to fail.

GRANITE MILL.—1874.

BY JAY J. HARRIS.

"Charred, scorched and sear, the ruin lay,
The, granite—And there awful fire
Hath marked with black that fatal day,
And it a ghastly funeral pyre
No more the happy home shall sing,
No more the morning bell shall ring,
No more the old and young in years,
To work the old and young in years.

In rain lashed, thy whirling life,
The struggle, and the last cry
No more shall come the daily strife,
The merry "hands," with jest and mirth
Around the table, that awful morn,
The King of Terror strode abroad,
And from his torch the fire was borne
That made those ashes at his word.

The lurid flames, the thick'ning smoke,
The struggle, and the last cry
That through the fiery furnace broke,
Went up before all seeing eyes,
No more the happy home shall sing,
No more the morning bell shall ring,
No more the old and young in years,
To work the old and young in years.

Oh, broken home! Oh, vacant chair!
Oh, hearts that faint with deadly fear!
A pitying Heaven hear your prayer,
And count the tears that fall as rain,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Thine strength to call it all Thy own,
Thine dear ones "lost within the Mill."

A GARDEN SCENE.

(Not from "Faust.")

BY G. DE H.

It was the strangest story, I never had such an idea, you know, that I should ever be the heroine of a garden scene—if I do think it the loveliest part of "Faust."

But I'll just begin at the beginning. You see, Cousin Tom came home that spring from the German University, where he had been studying ever since I was—oh, so high, and he was full of solid delicious stories of German life—of music and song, and duels and dancing, until pleasure of every kind wore a "deutsche" garb in my imagination—and so that summer when the papers announced that there was to be a series of "Summer Night Concerts," held out in the open air—in a garden, Tom waited me all round the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"Now, Mignonette," he cried, "you shall taste a little of German life."

"And beer?" I asked, with a grimace. "Das kommt d'von," replied Tom, laughing.

"Oh, yes; 'fun' for you, but 'bitter beer' for me," returned I, with vivid recollections of some delectably nice looking froth I had sipped out of Tom's glass once.

"Ah, Mignonette, you must learn to like it—it will make you strong and sane."

That's just the way Tom went on, putting into his talk queer ideas of German eating and drinking.

But, ah! shall I ever forget the first time he took me to that fairyland-like Summer Garden!

It was a warm June night; up in the sky the moon was half hid behind fleecy clouds, but a hundred moons seemed to shine out from among the softly flickering leaves of the locust trees, where hung the great white globes of light.

Little tables were scattered all through the garden walks, and at each table sat a merry party of joyous faced people, laughing, talking and drinking—in German—until I began to feel at last as though I must have crossed the ocean and was in some of the foreign places Tom had told me of so often.

The band played Strauss and Lanner and Offenbach, and when we had found a quiet little table, and listened to the music awhile, Tom said we must have some beer.

"Can't I have water, please?" I asked, plaintively.

The little German waiter-boy looked at me curiously, and Tom said:

"No. In Rome we do as the Romans do; but you shall have some beer—beer it is not so bitter."

When the little boy came with our "lager," Tom's brown and bitter, in a short fat glass cup with a handle; mine, white and sour, in a tall, lacy-looking glass vase! I looked round me. Everybody had a glass before them. It was all delightfully strange and intoxicating—the music, and the air, and the people, not the beer, please, I couldn't drink that. I sat entranced while the band played "Haydn's Serenade."

"Amyrellis," presently I felt a pair of eyes upon me—you know that curious sensation one has when one is being stared at. I turned, and discovered, sitting at a table near us, the owner of the eyes. He was a pale, melancholy-looking young man, all in white and black, with face and eyes to match, and very distinctive looking, indeed. I suppose he saw me blush at this gaze, for he moved his seat to the table behind us, but I could see him still, from under my eyelashes, looking at me, oh, so intently.

Tom didn't observe him. I was so glad, too, for Tom is ridiculously sensitive at people looking at me, just as if I didn't fluff and fix my blonde hair and make myself look just as pretty as ever I can on purpose to be looked at!

We left the garden at ten o'clock. I didn't want to go, the concert was not over, but Tom said he would not have me out late, and I might come again soon.

"I'll bring you Friday, Leonarda, the 'Garden Scene' on Friday's programme," said Tom, just as we passed the table where the dark eyes still stared at me. The band was playing Manrico's solo in "Trovatore," and the eyes seemed to say with the music, "adieu Leonarda."

Of course I wondered if "Manrico" as I named him in my thoughts, would be there, too, on Friday, and I dreamed of his eyes several times before that evening. Tom wondered what made me so capricious about my toilette that night. I wore my leghorn hat with the pale blue feather, and my white flannel suit, and Tom said I looked like a "Bisque china doll," with my blonde hair, black eyes and rose colored cheeks.

He was there! I saw him the minute we entered the garden. How handsome he looked and how his face lighted up when he saw me! My heart beat, oh, so fast, and I was so flustered at seeing him that I let Tom order that hateful beer for me again without telling him I wouldn't have it. It made me sick to see it, and besides it looked so unromantic.

But there it was on the table before I scarcely knew that I was seated. The music was just lovely, the "Duchesse" and all those pretty lively French opera airs. I was keeping time with my head and fan when, just as Tom whispered, "Don't do that Leonarda, it attracts attention," who should walk over to our table but "Manrico" with an officer beside him. He stooped down and said in

a low voice to Tom, "I am sorry to be obliged to arrest this young lady, your companion; will you please come right along without any words?"

Tom looked up at him; I never would have believed Tom could look so dreadful, then turning to me, Tom said:

"Leonora, come with me over to that table where Dr. Bruner is sitting. I will leave you in his charge a few minutes, and return immediately."

The two men followed us closely. Tom spoke to the doctor in a whisper, the doctor spoke to the officer sharply, and then Tom went off with the two men, leaving me with Dr. Bruner, frightened almost into a faint. What did it mean! Arrest me! and I began to cry.

Dr. Bruner assured me there was no cause whatever for alarm, and said Tom would be back in a few minutes, and didn't I want to hear that "Garden Scene" music the band was playing?"

"I've had quite enough of a Garden Scene," I answered, trying to swallow down my tears.

He laughed at my distress, and kept me from a regular fit of hysteria by his calm, cool way of arguing down my fears.

In a short time Tom returned, and although he laughed it off, I knew he had been very angry indeed. Going home then he explained the mystery. It appears my *distinguish* looking dark eyed "Manrico," was only a police detective on the track of a notorious counterfeit, I, answering the exact description of his fair accomplice and companion, a young lady with black eyes, blonde tresses and named Leonarda, had attracted his notice, and wishing to receive the large reward offered for her arrest, he had determined to secure me!

And I had thought him admiring me all this time and had almost lost my heart!

"I'll cut off every braid and curl of this hateful yellow hair!" I cried. "It's my *hete noir*!" Tom laughed. "Yes it is," I went on, "don't everybody look at me on the street, and its just my hair, and I'll have it cropped!"

But Tom wouldn't let me, he said he liked it better than any other kind, and he said he liked me better than any other. Oh, fear, you know of course that was how Tom and I came to be married! who would have had a girl thrice married with arrest!

We often go to the Garden concerts, but since that night I have never been the heroine of a Garden Scene!

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

BY A. L. D.

Journeying along the realms of fancy, I chanced to meet three beautiful females, whose dresses were nothing but pure white robes bound around the waist by scarfs of a similar color, except one, who, in addition, wore a white mantle. They had nothing on their heads but wreaths of flowers, which shone in nice contrast to their luxuriant hair. The features were expressive, and somehow in each of them I recognized something I had seen among the realities of earth.

I was invisible to them; and as they journeyed I was with them. I learned from their conversation that their names were respectively Faith, Hope, and Charity.

They had not proceeded far when they were joined by three others, whose companionship I noticed they did not care about, but, being gentle in disposition, they said nothing. The new-comers were all, I thought, repulsive looking, and their names did not convert me to a better opinion. They were Despair, Deceit, and Self; or, as I in my own mind afterwards termed them, the Evil Trio.

Soon they all came to an old woman bent with age, and who was in vain trying to carry a load, of what I could not make out, but her very movement showed ineffectual.

"Oh, dear," said she, "I shall never get there!"

Faith whispered in her ear, "Courage—courage! Keep your eye on me, I'll help you."

Straightway she brightened up, and I noticed that she walked with less difficulty—in fact, got along quite well, until Despair said something to attract her attention from Faith, when she appeared to sink into her former state, and sitting down, she cried, "Oh, dear, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

At this the evil trio laughed derisively, and I thought I had never seen anything more kind and touching than at this juncture, to see Charity advance, and without saying a word, hold her broad mantle in such a way as to perfectly hide the old woman from her tormentors.

Hope then advanced to her side, and said, "There, up you'll get, but believe in Faith and me, you'll get there without much trouble."

Hope had hardly left her side, when Despair tried in the most discouraging terms to convince her that "she was wrong, it was of no use," etc.

At this, the old woman, with the credulity and forgetfulness of the aged, faltered, paused, and fell, at which the evil trio again laughed derisively as they pointed at her.

Charity, with a sad look, again swung her cloak in front of the old woman to shield her, whilst tears covered Faith's gentle face and dimmed Hope's bright eyes; but each of the latter caught hold of the old woman's hands, and with reassuring words assisted her to rise, when she appeared to get along quite well again. But the moment they had left her, she started up to the question, "Why do you make this journey? It can do you no good."

She paused reflectively, and shook her head, as much as to say, "That's true."

But Charity interposed, and said, "But you have promised, and you must fulfill that promise. You must not allow considerations of Self to interfere in this matter."

At this, Self frowned, and Despair and Deceit looked on. Hope was again advancing to the old woman's side to say something, when the evil trio tried to seize hold of her, at which Charity threw her mantle in front of her. They would still have tried to catch Hope, and one of them even took hold of the mantle, when, strange metamorphosis! on the centre there appeared a cross which shone like fire, and illumined the countenances of Faith, Hope, and Charity with an effulgent light, but throwing into a dark shade the faces of Self, Despair, and Deceit. At this, they were dismayed, and fled in haste, leaving the old woman and her companions to pursue their journey in peace.

The cross was the signet mark of divinity; and thus protected, the old woman reached her destination in safety.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY R. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 8.—RIGHTED AT LAST.

Should misfortune overtake us early in our lives, it may prove a real blessing in disguise, but I pitied young Robert Syres from the bottom of my heart.

I had watched from my window the outward signs of his growing prosperity—his rise and progress in some mercantile firm. I had noted the beginning of his love for Lillian Clare, the seeming affectionate esteem which each had toward the other, and I knew that every one respected them and prophesied great results.

Robert Syres was not the man to look upon such results as his rightful due. He did not look upon the world as his debtor. Flattery did not sweeten him from hard work, and strong endeavor; and Lillian seemed to give him all the encouragement to persevere, which a bright, confiding, happy woman's trust inspires in most honorable men.

But a shadow came at last—storm-clouds gathered over the mercantile horizon. The firm with which Robert was connected was one of the first to give way to the impetuous onslaught of the panic, and collapsed utterly. This was time, I thought, for Lillian to smoothen the rough places—to prove her love and loyalty.

I was mistaken. So long as the prospect of new and lucrative employment opened before him, there was little change in her manner or demeanor. But when, after weeks of vain application, Robert found that nearly every firm of which he had any knowledge was increasing instead of increasing its working staff, and that hundreds, like himself, were thrown out of employ, I noticed a great change in Lillian's bearing; she grew haughty and reserved, petulant and, I thought, unkind.

This was the worst trial of all to Robert Syres. The change perplexed him greatly. He would not think that it was caused by his altered circumstances. Their wedding might be delayed, but certainly he would not annul their engagement, because, for the present, he was growing poorer every day.

"I suppose these troubles will soon be over, dear Lillian," he said, one day. "It is only that I must make a new beginning—perhaps it will be a brighter, better one."

"Don't you think, Robert," she said, "there has been some mistake—that we ought to have waited to have understood each other better—before we were engaged, not that I wish to—bind you to one place, you see. You might do better if—"

"If I was free, you think. Nay, Lillian, it is the thought of your welcome that will prompt me to renewed endeavor."

He would not understand her meaning even then.

But the current of their lives gradually drifted apart, and at last he learned that she did not really care for him. Perhaps it was well for Robert that he learned in time that she had merely accepted his proposal because it was her best chance. "Robert is a rising young man," the world said, and if Lillian married, she was determined her husband should be one who was likely to make a position for her superior to her own.

It was bitterly hard though, that the loss of good fortune should entail the loss of love to Robert. A better woman would have clung to him more firmly. Such a one was Lillian's sister Kate.

"I am ashamed of you, Lillian," Kate said, when her sister passed him haughtily, with the slightest recognition. His poverty was beginning to become noticeable in his dress. "Robert is one among a thousand, and he deserves better treatment from you."

"I am sure I don't know why. You can't expect me to wait for years and years until he can afford to keep a wife. It wasn't my fault that he failed in business."

"Nor his," said Kate, quietly.

Matters grew worse with Robert after that; neither in the city nor out of it could he obtain employment. He became careless in his habits, untidy in his dress. He was nearly broken-hearted.

The crisis came, his money was all gone. He could not apply for help to those who were once his friends. He would do anything rather than that. He became conductor on one of the street cars.

He shuddered at the nature of his employment, but it was better than none. The hours were long and wearisome, and his remuneration was small. His cheeks blanched at the suggestion of an unscrupulous fellow employee that he should "knock down" a certain sum per diem, meaning that he should rob the company to that extent. Of course, he indignantly refused to be tempted.

"Then you will ruin some of us," said his adviser, candidly. "Your returns are always greater than ours."

The worst time of all was when Lillian and her sister rode in his car, as they sometimes did, purposely, perhaps, perhaps accidentally. The conduct of the two girls differed strangely. Lillian handed her fare to the conductor without the least recognition. Kate smiled and nodded graciously. Robert blushed and fumbled with the tell-tale apparatus, and registered too many fares, and, after a few such mental agonies, he gave up his employment rather than suffer them.

By-and-by there was a change for the better. His position and integrity were the theme of casual remark. A merchant who had advertised for help (which advertisement Robert, of course, had answered, expecting no reply), overheard the conversation. Robert was sent for, and duly installed in a position very humble to the one he had fallen from, but it was a little way up the ladder again, and he became more hopeful.

"He will rise again," said Kate, to her sister Lillian; "unless your mercenary conduct has crushed his energy."

"Really, Kate, I am not to blame. If he should be successful, I shall be very glad. In that event he could come to me again, though what possessed him to run those horrid cars?"

"You never loved him, Lillian," said Kate, and there was a light upon her face that revealed her secret to me. Kate loved him—would have clung to him all through.

Poor child, her love was hopeless when Robert was engaged to her sister—would it be hopeless now? I wondered.

He persevered, and in a very few months he improved his position vastly. He seemed to have forgotten Lillian, and yet very often a shadow fell over his face that never rested there in the old times.

times. He was less cheerful, less contented with his lot.

Meeting Kate one day, I fancied I could read the secret of his distress; that tell-tale blush which brightened her delicate cheek was reflected upon his.

"You must not blame me for my sister," she said nervously. "Let us be friends."

"Were we not always friends, Kate?" he answered. "I am sure of it, and I loved you like a brother."

Her face paled a little; that was not the kind of love she needed, perhaps. "I loved you like a brother, Kate, in those times, and now, if you would accept it, I could give you my whole heart. It is but a small offering; will you take it from me, Kate?"

"My sister, Lillian," she murmured, thoughtfully.

"We never cared for each other," he replied. "I thought I loved her, but she was mistaken. I do not think there was much pain in our separation, except that I was proud and she was—well, I have made a strange discovery. I loved you, Kate, even in those times, and I never loved your sister as I love you now."

Her hand rested nervously in his. Her lips trembled, but she made no answer.

"Do you know," he continued, tenderly, "that it was your smile that encouraged me when all the world seemed to oppose me, that your kindness served me for continued effort. So it is to you that I must look for my reward, if I am deserving of reward."

If he was deserving! He who had struggled so heroically. He whom every one respected—and he loved her! There was no doubting it, for the words were spoken.

"I love you, Robert," she whispered. And that was all she said—all that he needed to inspire him—the anxious, weary look was gone.

Their courtship was a sweet one, and very short. She decided to share his struggles as well as their results, and no one doubts the wisdom of her choice.

Thus, as I have said, misfortunes are frequently real blessings. However much I pitied Robert Syres, I am glad for his sake, and for Kate's, too, that the run of his prosperity was broken for a time.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This uncinquid which has passed into a proverb, is admitted as an axiom by almost everybody—an admission, however, often theoretical rather than practical. Every day we see men and women carrying burdens far beyond their strength to endure, and so borrowing from the years to come vigor and energy to serve them for the passing year, crowding into the present year the work which, consulting the proverb just quoted, should be distributed among many days. We must remember that opportunity is not always ours; while it is day we must work with our might, for the night cometh. In the heat of noble battle, men are counted who sacrifice everything—life itself—that they may gain the victory. Circumstances over which we have no control often demand exertions which seem herculean and are far beyond our strength. Many a farmer has every day this past summer overdrawn his health account from sheer compulsion, many a farmer's wife laid in store for the future aches and pains while meeting the imperious demands of the passing days. There are times in the lives of most of us when we cannot take counsel with flesh and blood, when our pathway lies along thorny and rugged ways, and there is no choice but to go forward, bearing cheerfully as we may the burdens imposed, and honoring every draft made upon us. Bankruptcy in business life occurs daily. We honor the man who, to meet the demands of his creditors, gives up all the earnings of years of industry, and cheerfully begins life again at the lowest round. Even so are we called on sometimes to sacrifice health, and life itself, for that which cannot otherwise be secured, and which is worthy the immolation. While we are in duty bound to observe the laws of life and health, there are cases where a higher duty demands the utmost sacrifice we can make, and those who make such sacrifice with cheerfulness and alacrity we call heroes.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.

Huskin, one of the most famous of living authors, says that it is every woman's duty to make herself handsome, and that she can do it in a great degree. Of course he does not intend that a woman should permit her mind to run upon her personal appearance to its distraction from things of more importance; but that she should keep her person neat and attractive, and cultivate a spirit of kindness; avoiding all uncharitableness, envy, jealousy, and the mean and despicable thoughts which engender evil passions, and thus imprint upon her face the graces which will outline the transient bloom of youthful beauty.

And as age creeps on apace we can write pleasant histories upon our faces, and impart to them a prettiness that they lacked even in childhood's gladdest hour, "an' it please us."

To be pretty seems to some girls the grand aim of life. To them we say cultivate the graces of disposition, which, unknown to yourself, will illuminate your faces. Beauty, without beauty of the soul, cannot endow its possessor with happiness; but its possession often engenders jealousies and detraction, and its owner is made to feel the sting of viperous fangs.

No cultivate prettiness, young ladies, and remember these lines:

"Beautiful faces they that wear
The light of the pleasant spirit there.
It matters little if dark or fair,
Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through."

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

As chess is said to serve for instruction in war and government, so for children the future laurels and the tree of knowledge grow in the play-ground.

How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart. How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more.

Sorrow for the dead has a sacred efficacy. There may be some truth in the old superstition that no truth is so healing as that of a dead man's hand.

News of Interest

WHAT "they say," generally, is not worth saying.

Misadventure owes three and a half millions of dollars.

The book of October is bright with illuminated leaves.

\$3,000,000,000 is the amount of Illinois taxable property.



DAFFODIL.

BY A. F. MILL.

Daffodil went out into the world to seek his fortune; and meeting a good-natured old dwarf, they travelled very sociably together. At the end of the first day they came to a splendid castle, and knocked at the gate, and the master himself came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the master.

"A supper and a bed," said the dwarf.

"Then," said the master, "you can go to the inn. I have no more now than I want for myself."

And going in, he slammed the gate in their faces. Daffodil was very angry indeed.

"What a miserable wretch!" he said to the dwarf. "Now, if I had such a castle, I would order the porter to give every one that asked it a bed, a loaf of bread, and a pint of beer."

"That would require the half of your fortune," said the dwarf.

"I should not care for that," answered Daffodil.

"Very good," said the dwarf; "you see here another great castle. It is mine, but I give it to you. Be careful, however, that you do not imitate the master whom we have just left."

"No fear of that!" answered Daffodil, who was overjoyed to find himself the master of this splendid castle; and the very first order he gave was, as he had said, that the porter should give every one that asked, a bed, a loaf, and a pint of beer.

As soon as it became known throughout the country, the porter had plenty of business, for it was quite astonishing how many people travelled that way who had no bed, beer, or loaf of their own; and at first Daffodil was highly pleased, because he heard himself constantly called the good Daffodil, and the generous Daffodil; but when the steward came in with the bill, it was so long that it reached from Daffodil's room to outside of the gate. Daffodil tried to count the pints and loaves, and counted on and on for two days; but finding himself then only a little way down the bill, he set his treasurer at counting who counted till he fell ill of fatigue, and then was only half-way down.

"Come, this won't do," said Daffodil; "I shall be ruined at this rate. You must only give half a loaf of bread, and half a pint of beer."

The next quarter, however, the bill was twice as long as before, and Daffodil flew into a rage.

"I won't have the whole country eating and drinking up my money," said he; "you must only give food to every other one that asks for it."

And then Daffodil thought that he should have no more trouble about the matter; but it happened about this time that Daffodil went to court, and there he saw that all the great lords who lived in splendid castles like himself wore a velvet suit, with diamonds on all the seams, sat in a chair of gold, ate out of gold dishes, and had twenty servants, all dressed in satin, to wait on him.

Daffodil went home in a hurry, and said to his steward, "You must get me, at once, a velvet suit with diamonds on all the seams, twenty servants all dressed in satin, and the horses for me to ride, a chair of gold, and dishes of gold."

"You have not money enough, Lord Daffodil," said the steward.

"Then," said Daffodil, "instead of giving supper to every other traveler, give it to every fourth one that comes."

"That may buy the velvet suit with diamonds on the seams," said the steward, "but it will not save you money enough for the servants in satin, and the gold chair and plate."

"I must have them," answered Daffodil; "and if that is the case, give only to every tenth one that passes."

"That will save enough for the servants in satin; but still you can't have the horses, and the gold chair, and the gold plate," returned the steward.

"Give to none, then! Give to none!" screamed Daffodil, in a fury; "I will have them all, I tell you. Turn every soul away from the gates, and give the servants no beer but once a week; and I shall have money to buy what I want."

So Daffodil had his velvet suit, his servants, and his golden plate; and all the poor were turned away from his gate. But one day, came an old man with a white beard, and begged so pitifully, that the porter was sorry for him, and sent to ask Daffodil if he might take him in. When Daffodil heard this, he set up in a rage from his golden chair, and came down the gates of gold.

"Did I not tell you to give to none?" said he. "Go to an inn, old man; I have no more than I want for myself."

At this he looked frightened, and he was, looking closer, he saw it was the old dwarf who had made him master of this castle.

"Ugh! wretch!" said the dwarf, "are you better than the man at the gate who were so angry? Get out of my sight."

Sadly Daffodil was driven out into the world again, poorer than before.

The Chance for the Silent.

Ned was a silent fellow; he looked so wise and moved so deliberately and discreet that every one on the common, when first went there, felt a respect for him.

"He is a reflecting fellow, I should think," remarked the Dun Cow, as she watched him grazing, while she chewed the cud. "I like your reflecting people."

"Oh, yes, and he is evidently sensible and discriminating," said the old mare. "You see he follows me wherever I go; at a dance, and quietly, but very constantly."

"That is because he has found out that you are where the best pasture is," said Ned, dryly; "and certainly it shows his acuity. I have no doubt when we get intimate with him we shall all be much delighted with his society."

Ned was so tied with these flattering opinions of his merits that he stuck up his head and gave two or three loud brays.

"Who'd have thought it," said the Dun Cow, "he is something but an ass, after all!"

DOING GOOD.

BY IDA FAY.

The sun was going down upon Florence as she sat with her mother in the verandah, and her face was sad, though the sunlight fell full upon it.

"Mother, I am sorry that I ever had anything to do with Mary Arlington."

"Why so, my child?"

"Because she only uses my kindness for her own selfishness. I have helped her in her lessons, and I got her off when she was in trouble with her teacher, Miss Atkins; and you know that I let Miss Atkins think that I had broken the rules, rather than that she should be exposed. And she has never thanked me. And I know that she says hateful things about me behind my back. I am tired of being kind to her, and getting nothing for it but her selfishness."

"Well, my dear, did you act kindly for the sake of getting something back for it? Ought we not to act generously for our own sake, even more than for others' sake?"

"I don't see any use in being generous, when it only makes people worse."

"But our Master says, 'If ye love them that love you, what reward (or merit) have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?' It is very pleasant to receive kindness for kindness. But no one is acting as a Christian that is not willing to show kindness and self-denial to those who are ungrateful and selfish."

Nothing more was said at this time. Florence had the matter upon her heart all the evening, and was glad when bedtime came, that she might sleep off all her troubles.

She soon fell asleep and began to dream. Now Dreamland is Fairyland. All manner of queer people are moving about in Dreamland, and very remarkable things happen there.

Florence had gone to sleep without shutting her chamber window, and the wind must have been a little cool, for she dreamed that the snow lay all upon the ground. And she saw a man with a large bag slung diagonally across his breast, sowing some kind of seeds. It seemed very strange to her to see him casting seed on snow, and so she dreamed that she asked him, "Will the seed come up in the snow?"

When he heard her, he turned his face, and she thought she never saw a face with so noble a countenance. His eyes were large and sad, and yet there was also a look in them of calm hopefulness.

"We sow our grass seed upon the snow, in hopes that by-and-by the snow will melt, and then the seed, sprouted by its moisture, will come up." And then he fixed his eyes gently upon her, as if he would mark the effect of his words, he said, "They who in this world would sow the seed of goodness must do as we farmers do, and often sow upon the bosom of snow."

She awoke so plainly did his voice sound in her ears. Rising, she closed the window, and again fell asleep.

In a short time she began dreaming more strangely than before.

She thought that she saw a poor woman who was living upon a piece of very hard and rocky ground, trying to plant thereon some flower seeds. But every time she opened her hand the wind seemed to puff them away. At last, when her seed was almost gone, Florence thought that what had seemed to be the wind began to look like birds, and little by little they changed to beautiful spirits; and she saw that they caught in their hands the seed that would have fallen on the rock, and threw it upward; and the seed seemed to fly up and up till it was all gone out of sight.

While she stood looking up, she thought that the skies opened; and she looked through, and saw those beautiful spirits planting the very seeds that had been cast forth out of the palsied hand of the poor old woman. No sooner did they touch the ground, than they sprang up again into all manner of beautiful flowers—more beautiful a hundred times than any lilies, or roses, or jessamines that she had ever seen on earth.

As she stood admiring the wonderful sight, she turned and saw the very same person by her side that had been sowing grass seed on snow. But now he was clothed radiantly, as if the brightest clouds had been made into garments; and his face, that was beautiful before, seemed to her more beautiful than all the flowers. Then he looked very kindly upon her, and said, "My dear child, do you not see that only here and there a seed fell to the ground and came up, but that all the rest went on, and were planted in heaven? So is it with kindness among men. The earth catches a few only of the seeds of kindness sown, but all the rest go through, and are planted in heaven. And so nothing good is ever lost."

At this, he laid his hand upon her head, and such a thrill ran through her body that she sprang, and awoke. Her mother it was who had touched her, saying, "Come, Florence, it is morning. The birds are all calling you. Come."

Too Good to Be True.

"Bob! Bob!" cried the Sparrows in high delight to a Robin that was hopping about, picking up what he could find; "such capital news; the men of the farm have taken pity upon us, and, knowing how much trouble we have in getting a living, they have thrown down over so much corn; any one, indeed! There it is, open to any one; come off, for fear it should be all gone."

"Stop a minute," said Bob; "what made them do that; was it for their own convenience?"

"It couldn't be that," said the Sparrows, "for it is thrown about in every direction."

"And no And no And no put up to frighten us off," said Bob, with a skeptical cock of his head.

"Not one," said the Sparrows; "it is a clear case of benevolence; the corn is meant for us, depend on it."

"Let them eat it that believe it," said Bob; "I have faith in Miss Lily, when she throws me crumbs in the winter, and I pick them up without fear; but I must have a better opinion of the friendship of the men and their love for us than I have, before I venture on what I little doubt is only a poisoned bait. Don't you see that it is far too good to be true? Take my advice, and be content with a bit here and a bit there, as I am, eating in safety, and don't risk your whole welfare on such suspicious offers."

PEOPLE set first and think afterwards, taking care to reconcile their opinions to their conduct.

BYE-AND-BYE.

BY H. A. R.

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand-clasp very tight?
From face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh:
Dance not backward, but look forward
For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Is your trail boat tossed and battered,
With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Fast shall her anchor shatter, and
Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on your bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper, "Rest is coming,
Rest for ever, "bye-and-bye."

And when called and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are brightening,
Hear your waiting and rejoice:
Toss not out for days departed,
But look when light is breaking
For a brighter "bye-and-bye."

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOUSEKEEPER GROWED STEADIFUL OF YOUNG MRS. DANVERS.

Miriam had herself been out for a ride, and came in, as she frequently did, quite late. She went straight to her room to remove her wrappings and prepare for bed. Eugene was not there, but that was of little consequence. Somehow her thoughts had been going back to the old days this evening, when she had been harassed with debts and poverty, that had reduced her to the condition of a nameless adventuress, until chance threw Eugene in her way. Then the fashionable world had paid homage to her, as to a queen, and her sovereignty could no longer be disputed. There might be some disturbing memories; there had been a few disturbing incidents, like the appearance of Captain Graham and Nina DaCosta, but they had been silenced and why need she fear anything further? Nina DaCosta was poor, as she had once been, and was, therefore, without influence. There was but one cloud upon all the brightness of her life now, and that cloud was Philip Danvers, her husband's father.

If she could only get that out of the way!

"Why should I not force Allaine to serve me?" she murmured. "She is in my power, and she will not dare disobey me. He has brought it upon himself. He must suffer for it!"

She took up a little book she had purchased that evening, and sitting down under the gaslight began to read. It was a treatise upon some of the less familiar poisons, and their various effects upon the human body. She had been so busily absorbed for some time that she had given no thought to any other subject, when "read ready, madam. Will you go down, Mrs. Manning says? Your husband has not yet returned, and they will not ring the bell to-night."

She did not ask or think why. She got up, and carefully locking the book in an inner drawer of her cabinet, went down.

It struck her that the porter had neglected to raise the gas to a sufficient height in the parlor and hall, and that everything was unusually ill. The feeling produced by either was always unpleasant to her, and she hurried on towards the supper-room, just a little bit worried with Eugene that he had not come in, or been near her since she came in. She found the supper all ready, but Mrs. Manning alone present.

"Why is this?" she asked, a little disdainfully. "Where are the members of the family?"

"Mrs. Danvers is with Mr. Danvers, and your husband has not yet returned," replied the housekeeper, briefly.

Miriam was about to question farther, for a vague feeling of uneasiness had crept over her, when she heard Eugene's quick step outside, and then his voice in a momentary conversation with some one, and she decided to maintain her dignity by waiting for an explanation from him, and she sprang, and awoke. Her mother it was who had touched her, saying, "Come, Florence, it is morning. The birds are all calling you. Come."

"I am glad you did not wait, Miriam," he said. "I could not get back a moment sooner, or, of course, I should have done so."

She wanted to ask him why he had been out at all, so late in the evening, but she did not.

"Will not your mother and father be present?" she said, as he sat down at the foot of the table.

"My love," he cried, with a start, "has no one told you? Ah, I remember, you were out when my mother summoned me. My father is very ill."

"Your father ill?" Every note of her voice was entirely changed. Eugene fancied it sprung from affectionate sympathy for him, and would have gone round to embrace her in gratitude, but for the thought of maintaining his dignity before the housekeeper and servants.

Mrs. Manning, however, looking up at the moment, would have sworn, if necessary, that if ever she had seen a flash of triumph upon a human face, it was sparkling now in the eyes and upon the countenance of Mrs. Miriam Danvers.

"Not one," said the Sparrows; "it is a clear case of benevolence; the corn is meant for us, depend on it."

"Let them eat it that believe it," said Bob; "I have faith in Miss Lily, when she throws me crumbs in the winter, and I pick them up without fear; but I must have a better opinion of the friendship of the men and their love for us than I have, before I venture on what I little doubt is only a poisoned bait. Don't you see that it is far too good to be true? Take my advice, and be content with a bit here and a bit there, as I am, eating in safety, and don't risk your whole welfare on such suspicious offers."

PEOPLE set first and think afterwards, taking care to reconcile their opinions to their conduct.

gret. Had she forgotten it, or did she disdain to do so? She knew that Eugene could never suspect her, and of the housekeeper's presence she was now haughtily unconscious. The meal was passed in unusual silence, each of them partaking but slightly of the delicate viands. Mrs. Manning noticed, however, that Mrs. Danvers had her glass filled the second time with wine—a very unusual thing with her.

She arose with her husband and took his arm.

"Can we come in?" asked Eugene, at the door of his mother's chamber.

Some one gave a silent assent and they entered. The medical celebrities bowed low as the beautiful woman passed them to the side of the bed. The flush upon Mr. Danvers' face was almost purple, and he was breathing with extreme difficulty. Miriam stood looking down at him for a moment, with anxious scrutiny.

When she glanced up, Dr. Hartman's eyes were fastened with no less curious interest upon her, and coloring slightly she drew back. He was at a table, not far from the door, mixing some preparation when she turned to go out, and Miriam paused with a look of interest.

"Do you consider Mr. Danvers dangerously ill?" she whispered.

The medical man looked up at her again over his shoulder, as he answered, "Yes," and went on making his pills; but Miriam was not to be daunted by a stranger.

"There is a possibility, however, of a change for the better?" she said.

"Oh, yes. The old adage is always true in such cases—'as long as there is life, there is hope.'"

Miriam made a graceful inclination of the head, and passed out.

"I have seen that face somewhere," mused Dr. Westman, as he took out some more powders upon the point of his knife. "I have been trying for the last two minutes to remember, and it is a miracle that I cannot, for one does not often see such perfection of outlines in human form twice in a lifetime. Is she so anxious for Eugene to get the great Danvers' wealth into his hands, I wonder? I don't suppose she can have anything else against her husband's father."

Miriam had gone up again to her room. Oh, what burning impatience fired her veins.

"Will he die?" she cried, softly to herself. "Will fortune kindly play into my hands this time, also, and save me, as it did with Miles Gordon? Will he die?"

She looked at herself in the glass, and was startled at the hectic flush that burned upon her cheek.

"How long will I have to wait? When will I know? That doctor looked at me as though he were probing my inmost thoughts. I must not see him again until I have grown calm. Where is Allaine?" she touched the bell, and Clare looked in.

"Where is Allaine?"

"Madam, she left the house early this evening, and has not yet returned."

"Not yet returned?" she repeated, scarcely crediting her senses. "It is you who are in error, Allaine could never have grown so presuming. She is in the servants' hall, of course; send her to me, at once."

"Madam, we have looked the house over, and had concluded that you must have sent her away. She is nowhere to be found."

"I can imagine nothing more impossible. Is Cecil asleep?"

"Madam, she took Master Cecil with her. I took Cecil with her, and yet has not returned." The flush died out, with a single breath, from her cheeks, and a ghastly whiteness succeeded. She would have fallen to the floor had not Clare sustained her.

"Am I dreaming?" she faltered. "This hideous thought cannot be true. Let me see; I know I shall find him asleep in his bed, but I must kiss him to be very sure."

She leaning upon the maid's arm, she passed to the door of the nursery, the opening it, went in. The beds were undisturbed, and the room empty. She appeared as though she was shrinking from some terrible idea, that was taking possession of every faculty.

"And they are not in the house?"

"Indeed, madam, they are not."

"Call Eugene to me. I think I am going to die."

So Miriam Danvers could feel and could suffer. Could Caspar Lenox or Nina have seen her now, they would have recognized that their triumph had begun.

Eugene sprang up the steps in the wildest alarm, and caught her in his arms.

"My darling, what is it?"

"Oh, Eugene, I shall never see him again! His utterance grew thick, and she could say no more."

Eugene turned, hopelessly, to Clare, who gave him a brief explanation. His indignation was at last aroused.

"I must say that I never liked your nurse, Miriam," he cried; "and I have often marveled that you did not discharge her. She shall be shipped to-morrow. Pray do not be unnecessarily alarmed. She has got lost in a strange city, or she has been taken ill somewhere, and the child has been unable to explain. He will be recovered, of course, and without trouble."

She did not seem to think so. Perhaps a presentiment of the truth was crushing her to the earth. Nina DaCosta had not then been so quiet to no purpose, and Allaine had betrayed her; but no, the slave who had trembled at her slightest word! She could not believe that.

"Eugene," she sobbed again. "They have both been killed, I know, or Allaine would have been here."

"Hush!" he said. "My love, your fears have made you wild. I confess that you should be anxious, but there is no cause for despair. Only bear up, and you shall see, if human agencies can accomplish it, that he shall be restored to you."

Eugene said all that he could to comfort her, but she scarcely seemed to hear him. She sat wringing her hands, and moaning, now and then, in quite a heart-broken way.

Dr. Westman was called up, and gave her a strong opiate.

"The shock was so sudden," he explained. "Let her sleep, and she will be able to endure it to-morrow." He sat by her until she had grown quite quiet, and then he questioned Eugene.

"Her child by a former marriage, did you not tell me?"

"Yes."

"What is the name?"

"Cecil Dupre."

"Ah! Forgive me, but was not his father a Frenchman?"

"Yes," replied Eugene, naturally. "My wife's first husband was a colonel in the French service in Egypt."

"By-nard or Louis Dupre?"

"By-nard."

The doctor turned to the sleeping woman once more, and felt her pulse. He looked at the face in repose—as perfect as a piece of Greek statuary.

"She will not stir again for some hours," he said; "and when she does, she will soon be calm enough to discuss all the plans for the child's recovery with you. She may suffer, but she is a woman of powerful nerve, of wonderful recuperative powers. Meantime, have you any idea where the child can be?"

"Not the remotest."

"Had the nurse any cause of ill will against the mistress?"

"None that I know of. In fact, my wife had quite spoiled her, as I have said."

"That would not prevent a traffic for money—a kidnapping scheme between sharpers," replied the doctor. "You will see the police, of course, and telegraph along the lines."

"Yes."

The doctor went on tiptoe towards the door.

"Your wife will require no further medical attention. I will now return to Mr. Danvers."

Dr. Westman was a man of the world, and he had schooled his emotional nature into his countenance was, under ordinary circumstances, a mask to secure his real sentiments from others, yet a thoughtful, preoccupied look was plainly written there when he returned to the sick room below.

"Could she have done it?" he soliloquized, as he crossed the long corridor. "And was the man in reality not mad, as the under surgeon contended? The matter should be investigated for the sake of science. As this woman looked down on Philip Danvers, to-night, there was that in her face which meant mischief, or there is no language in thought. I shall watch her and him, and I doubt, Mr. Eugene Danvers, if I could not prove, that with all her beauty and graces, there are bold men who would not be in her power, as you are, for a kingdom."

The doctor was certainly correct in one thing. Miriam Danvers astonished all who beheld her the next morning, by her outward composure. That she suffered, and that keenly, all could see—but her fortitude did not again give way. She had the satisfaction of knowing that Eugene loved Cecil as though he had been his own child, and that every possible effort would be made to restore to her as soon as possible. She readily acquiesced in the idea that this was a similar case to that of Rochester Leslie's little girl, and that the offer of a suitable reward would lead to his recovery at once.

As she stood in the light, persons noticed, for the first time, the shadow of a wrinkle across her fair brow, and that her lips were somewhat pale and compressed, as though with strong physical pain.

Philip Danvers continued, all the morning, in about the same condition. Eugene was necessarily out a great deal, and the quiet of the house must necessarily have been oppressive to one in keen and momentary suspense, but her dignity as a woman did not once desert her.

In the evening there had been no intelligence. Eugene could only make the comforting assurance that all had been done which she had suggested. Her words were offered. Detectives were out, and dispatches had been flashed along every line of the railway. They must now patiently wait for further developments.

Child-stealing, a thing of frequent occurrence in Europe, was most unusual here, and the wildest excitement soon prevailed. No one doubted but the little boy would be speedily restored.

About dark the postman brought a letter for Mr. Eugene Danvers. Miriam seized it with a trembling hand. The envelope was soiled, and the handwriting bad, like that of an illiterate person. With some difficulty she read:

"Your enemies, those who know you and whom you dare not defy, have compelled me to do this. I have no other choice. I will do with him, they would not tell me that, that if he lives he will suffer; that it will be a long time, if ever before you see him again, and that he will be trained, if possible, to be a disgrace upon you. Knowing this I dare not face you. I will say that I was forced into it. I am sorry of the eternal torture of suspense. Oh, your anger will be terrible. I know, but it cannot reach me where I am going."

ATLAS.

This was the first tidings that came to her, and she must endure it alone. With the letter crushed in her hand, she went off to think. She knew now that this cunningly devised scheme of torturing her had been devised by those whom she had most injured—by Nina and Caspar Lenox, and the agony of it was that she dared not take Eugene into her confidence by telling him where her suspicions lay. Deeply as she loved the boy, she was better never to see him again, than to have that old story resurrected and divulged, for then she too, would alike be doomed with him. Far better, she reasoned, trust to the vigilance of the law to aid her to bring him back, than herself to become their accuser; and so, as in the past, her burden was to be borne alone.

On the third day the body of a woman, who had been drowned, was recovered and advertised. The clothing was marked "Allaine Lenox." Eugene was at first afraid that the boy had shared the same fate, only Miriam, in the bitterness of her greater grief, knew that the woman had committed suicide to escape the terror and remorse from which she suffered.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HARVEST OF GOOD SEED.

It had been about a year since Walter had fled from his evil companions and begun his wandering life about the streets, and rather more than half of that time he had passed in undisturbed seclusion beneath Mrs. Bagwell's roof. Within that period he had improved much, though his intellectual and moral nature had been enveloped in darkness until it would require much time and perseverance to chase the mists and shadows quite away. An indescribable sense of comfort had come over him here, however, and but for the thought of being discovered by Ned or Moll, his enjoyment would have been as supreme as it could have been in a palace. These simple pleasures were nevertheless to be suddenly snatched from him again, as we shall see.

"You are 'touchin' nothing," said Walter, beseechingly.

"You are 'touchin' that railing with your dirty hands, you beggar's brat," he cried, angrily. "You'll be for breaking some of the slubbery or stealing something then. Now take yourself off."

"I don't steal now. God looks at me, too. I say now, tell me I want to see her. I know her," pointing eagerly through at the girl with the golden curls. "I've got something o' her."

"You know Miss Evelyn Leslie?" said the boy, who professed to be the most respectful adorer of the young lady; "you have something of her—Judy? You stole it, then, and you have taken up."

"Oh, miss, if you please, miss!" cried the street vagrant, desperately; "I

hain't stole nothing; indeed I hain't!" and, as the children began to draw near to her, she pointed to the girl in blue, who was indeed none other than Evelyn Leslie. "I want to speak to her."

"What is it?" asked that young lady, with a smile, for even fashionable misses of eight, or thereabouts, may have "ways, and manners, too."

"I've done heard about God, and I hain't never staid nothink since you told me not to."

"I?" she exclaimed, opening her pretty blue eyes in wonder, and the children broke into a derisive laugh. "I say now, make them stop a laffin," said poor Walter, rummaging nervously in his cavernous pockets. "You know what you told me about God and school, and all that, when I fetched you away."

"But I don't remember you," said Evelyn, softly.

"Cor I washes my face every day when the dirt get on, only I'll stick when I hain't got no soap," returned Walter, looking ruefully at his dingy hands, while the children roared again. "I've got your dainties."

"Let me drive the idiot away," said the big boy who had first espied the culprit, turning his smooth face towards Evelyn; "he is drunk or crazy."

"No, no," replied Evelyn, repressing a smile, as the boy drew out an old tattered purse, and took from it a small wad that seemed but a crumpled paper.

"Let me hear what he says," William said. "It is them that Mother Crowley took from you when Moll fetched you there, and I brought you back through the alley," and he thrust the bit of paper through to her.

At that instant a young woman, calling "Miss Eva! Miss Eva!" came through a gate leading round to the rear of the house, and approached the children. The woman was evidently a servant, she had on a black dress and white linen collar, but she wore in her abundant reddish hair a number of ornamental pins of various colors, and had a mixture of blue and scarlet ribbons at her throat. As she came around some statuesque that encircled a fountain, the children all looked up; and Walter, following their example, to his infinite horror and dismay recognized Moll.

"Miss Eva, I am going to take Danvers out in his carriage, and your mamma wants you to go with her."

The children, regretting this interruption to their sports, had turned to listen. When they looked back the ragged urchin outside was scudding pell-mell down the street, and had turned the corner in a twinkling.

"O, Martha, only think!" cried Evelyn, running up to the woman. "Here are my little diamond earrings, which that frightful old woman stole from me that night when I was carried off."

"Where—where did you find 'em?" The boy servant's face had grown suddenly white, leaving a visible daub of rouge upon her cheeks.

"A miserable, ragged boy—the same, I think, who brought me away from that place—called me to the fence just now and gave them to me."

"Where is he?" There was a look of terror in her face.

"Why he darted off when you came out, as though he had stolen them and you were here to punish him. Come, let me show them to mamma."

As they entered the house, Evelyn ran first across the hall into the library where her father sat reading.

"Oh, papa! papa! I have my earrings back again. The little boy I saw in the old woman's house passed the gate just now, and gave them to me. And, oh, papa, he is such a poor, miserable-looking boy."

"Where is he?" asked the gentleman, rising hastily. "Honestly I think that should be rewarded. Let me see him, and I will try what can be done to rescue him from the foul contagion of vice."

"When Martha called me, he ran away, papa, as though he feared to be punished, and we could not see him any more."

"I am truly sorry," replied the gentleman. "If you should see him again, my dear, tell him that I should like to reward him for his honesty. Such an act is too uncommon not to merit inquiry."

Evelyn went out again to apprise her mother of the astonishing event, and the so-called Martha wended her way to the nursery.

"Where could that vile boy have come from?" she murmured. "And Ned has been searching for him high and low, and offering such rewards. He must take up Master Walter in a hurry, or we'll be took up before we are done. And to think he had the cunning to steal them earrings, as one never would ha' thought he knew anything about; and then to bring 'em back here, the little fool, when there is enough of them gleaming about this house to put out common folk's eyes, and they might ha' made him rich!"

But God be praised, Moll, there are natures, even in this world of ours, that value the smallest principle of truth, though it be not larger than a grain of mustard seed, above all the jewels of Golconda!

CHAPTER XXIV.

WALTER IN SAFE KEEPING.

Moll had been at Rochester Leslie's house perhaps two months, when Walter, always in the way when least expected, restored the stolen diamonds to Evelyn, as we have seen, for as yet she had been able to accomplish nothing.

"I have been in the room often," she explained hurriedly to Ned, when she had taken a long walk the next evening for the purpose of meeting him, "but I ain't to be thought up by me. The cabernet is made of brass and marble and such like; and no key ain't never made to fit it but the right one, and that is kept locked up somewhere else."

"If I could get in, and no man was in the same room, there is no lock of that sort that would puzzle me more than a moment," replied Ned, with a frown; "but there is the difficulty."

"Can't you give them a sort of tap, like you struck George Blount, while they are asleep?" she said, looking down.

"Are you a devil, to put the thought of murder in my head?" he cried, seizing her by the arm until she winced with the pain. "Strong as I have been tempted, I have never taken a life."

"Blount didn't die," she said. "You could leave life in 'em."

"A dangerous experiment," he replied, with a laugh; "but something must be done, and that quickly."

"Ned," she said, at length, in some confusion, for she was evidently afraid of the effect of such a communication upon him. "I have something else to

tell you. I've seen that boy Walter. He has brought the child's earrings back to her—ragged little outcast that he is, and given 'em back in her own hands. As if the better angel of her life lifted his arm as though to tell her to the earth, but as he drew back he seemed to remember that he was in the public street, and he let it fall slowly to his side.

"Why didn't you seize on him, swear in the teeth of a thousand police he was your brother or son, or anything, who had run away from home, and then drag him to me?"

"I've been afore some of them already, and they don't like my looks," replied Moll, slowly, taking advantage of the restraint that were upon him. "Besides he would have told 'em I was the one as first took the child home to be robbed. And then he didn't let me have but one bird's eye glimpse of him, when he darted off in such a manner as the wind couldn't ha' overtook him. I had told them Leslies, too, you remember, in the start that I hain't no kind of kin on top o' dirt."

"Well, it is a satisfaction to know the boy is still alive. He can't skulk about unseen forever, and will be the easier hunted down now," said Ned, struggling to be composed. "In the meantime our work must be done all the quicker, or he may gain courage to tell them who you are."

"Not he," replied Moll, with a laugh. "The bare sight of me frightened him out of seven years' growth, and you may bet he don't show himself there again."

Moll was again correct. The boy was seen no more, for the present. What had become of him?

Looking back only when he had put quite a safe distance between himself and the house, at which he had so unaccountably to himself, recognized both Evelyn and Moll, he discovered that he was pursued, and turned more leisurely into another thoroughfare, where, as usual, he crept into an alley, and passed the night. When his fears had subsided, his dormant faculties were still puzzled to make out how Moll could possibly be "along o' her." By slow degrees, however, some inkling of the truth came to him—that she was there by deception, and that some unknown evil again threatened the "beautiful little angel," through her machinations.

When this idea took possession of him, an undefined impression accompanied it, that it might be possible for him, a "poor nothink" as he was, to prevent it. And at the close of each day he began to wander back towards the great house that held her, who had first told him about "God" and "schools," and which like-wise must contain his old enemy. Through fear of "them two," whom he never separated when thoughts of evil deeds were concerned, he did not dare to present himself by day. But when the darkness rendered all objects alike obscure, he returned to the beautiful yard, that was to possess a nameless charm for him henceforth; and to gaze mournfully up at the lights in the many windows, that "as most seemed to warn him up like" when the air was chilly. Sometimes, when Moll was very dark, he lay down very close to the railings, and slept until the few stars began to wane in the solemn coming of the dawn, and then he would spring up, and start on his day's tramp until the evening closed again. At last, in wandering around he found an alley at the rear of this house, also, and felt as if he had gained a new home. Coming into it one bright night when he had been watching until he had grown very weary, he found that the groins had left some hay outside, that had been hauled for the use of the stables, and scraping it, delightfully, together under the projecting roof, he burrowed a hole through it, and fell asleep. He could form no idea how long he had been unconscious, when he was aroused by the sound of voices in very close proximity, and the first notes that fell upon his ears caused him to cower down in almost mortal terror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN POLITE SOCIETY.

West of the Rocky Mountains, the Carriers, till a branch of the Chipewyan stock, intermingled with the numerous Athabaskan races of the coast. On the North Saskatchewan, a small, wild tribe called the Sarcee also springs from this great family, and, nearly three thousand miles far down the tropic plains of Old Mexico, the harsh, stuttering "teh" accent still grates upon the ear. Spread over such a vast extent of country, it may be supposed they vary much in physiognomy. Bravery in men and beauty in women are said to go hand in hand. Of the courage of the Chipewyan men we shall say nothing; of the beauty of the women we shall say something. To assert that they are very plain would not be true; they are undeniably ugly. Some of the young ones are very fat; all of the old ones are very thin. Many of the faces are pear-shaped; narrow foreheads, wide cheeks, small, deep-set, fat eyes. The type is said to be Mongolian; and if so, the Mongolians should change their type as soon as possible. Several of the men wear richly looking moustaches and short, pointed beards; the hair, coarse and matted, is worn long. Their clothing does not hold good of the Beaver Indians of Peace River; many of them, men and women, are passably good-looking. All these tribes are excellent hunters. The moose in the South and wooded country, the reindeer in the barren lands, ducks and geese in vast numbers during the summer, and, generally speaking, meek and docile fish in the lakes, yield them the means of living. At times, one prodigious feast; again, a period of starvation. For a time living on moose nose or buffalo tongue or daintiest tit-bit of lake and forest, and then glad to get a scrap of dry meat or a putrid fish to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. While the meat lasts, life is a long dinner. The child just able to crawl is seen with one hand holding the end of a piece of meat, the other with which it is held between the teeth, while the right hand wields a knife a foot in length, with which it saws steadily, between lips and fingers, until the mouthful is detached. How the nose escapes amputation is a mystery we have never heard explained.

It is a scandal that the sacred name of love should be given to that form of it which is scholastic found pure, and which very often has not the least particle of real love in it.

GREAT MEN, like great cities, have many crooked arts and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

TEN TO ONE.

BY R. E. MONTGOMERY.

There was a tender beauty in her face, A smile like magic, A mystic light within her soft dark eyes, As if the better angel of her life As if times were giving, To find that one so fair and young could be Ever deceiving.

For shame to tell she thrilled with true hearts, With both coquetting, And so I tore her image from my breast, My love forgetting, Yet blame not all because deceit lay shrouded in heart so youthful; For the false woman, trust me, you will find Ten thousand truthful!

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 2.—ROLAND AND HILDEGUND.

The young and valiant Roland was the glory of the lists, and the admiration of the fair dames and beautiful maidens who gazed upon the contests of chivalry. Wearing with the long continuance of peace, the neighborhood of Ingelheim, to witness, at that early season, the opening beauties of the far-famed Rhine.

At the close of a stormy evening, he arrived at a castle, in which he sought shelter.

He was received by its owner with that unostentatious and frank hospitality which the bravery of knightly deeds always commanded in those chivalrous days.

Upon learning his name, the baron shook him fraternally by the hand, and welcomed him with cordial delight, as if he were an old and valued acquaintance.

"You need no other passport," said his host. "The name of Roland, the brave, is honored throughout the land, and I am proud to have so distinguished a warrior as my guest."

Young Roland bowed, and entered the castle of the Drachenfels.

The baron introduced him to his daughter, Hildegund.

Refreshment was placed on the table, consisting of the choicest delicacies of the season, and the rarest of Rhenish wines.

The baron's daughter filled a glass goblet, on which were displayed, in colors, the armorial bearings of the family. This she presented to her father's guest, with a grace and modesty of demeanor which at once attracted his attention while it commanded his admiration.

For, as he received the glass with courteous acknowledgment, he could not fail to perceive that she was possessed of a beauty of no common order; at the same instant, a sudden tremor seized his hand and his features wore a heightened color.

"Strange," he reflected, "that this hand, which the lance and sword have never unnerved, and this face, which horrors of Saracens could never disconcert, should now tremble and blush before a single maiden!"

The baron raised his goblet, and cried, "I drink to the health and happiness of my guest, the valiant Sir Roland."

The young knight pledged his host in return, and soon regained his self-possession. He entered freely into conversation and spoke with energy of the late wars.

"Thanks be to thee and thy brave companions," observed the baron, "the red tide of battle is rolled back from our shores. I am growing old, and my arm has lost something of its wonted vigor; else I might have been tempted to join those gallant warriors, who do honor to our country; among the most distinguished of which is Sir Roland, the Brave."

"You must be a little more niggardly in your praise, or perchance I may be rendered vain," answered the young man, with a smile.

The baron was well pleased with his companion; and the night was far advanced when the inmates of the castle retired to rest. Roland could not sleep—the image of the fair Hildegund constantly haunted his imagination.

At the dawn of day allowed him to quit his couch, he arose hastily, and sought relief in the fresh air of the vernal morn.

His senses became wrapped in the contemplation of the glowing and sparkling beauties of that lovely region; and upon returning to the castle, it was with a faint heart that he announced his intention of departing. His host would not listen to such a suggestion, and insisted upon his remaining for a few days.

And Hildegund, although she did not with words urge her father's request, expressed her wishes by an eloquent look, which was soft and beseeching.

Roland willingly remitted. His love, which had commenced in timidity, soon began to increase in boldness, and he only wanted a favorable opportunity to declare his passion.

One evening, lost in reverie, he was walking through the castle garden, when he heard his couch, he arose hastily, and thoughts seated beneath the shade of a broad-spreading tree. A soft and sweet expression played about her mouth, which indicated that some joyous vision was tracing its imagery in her mind.

Roland approached, but was at a loss in what way to lead the conversation to a point on which now rested all his future hopes of happiness.

Many men, since then, have been equally at a loss.

Hildegund plucked from a neighboring rose tree an early bud.

"Ah!" sighed her admirer, "how beautiful that is!"

"What?" she inquired.

"That rose. Might I beg it of one who is fairer? No emblem of fond remembrance has yet decked my casque; and when my companions in arms are vaunting the beauties and virtues of their mistresses, I can do nothing but feel sadly a void within my heart."

"Nay," answered his companion; "that is hardly possible. The valiant Sir Roland cannot need a love-token."

"But I do," he answered, gently taking the flower from her hand. "May I wear this for your sake?"

"Its beauty will quickly pass away," she answered.

Her companion at once confessed the depth and ardency of his attachment. Hildegund made no reply, but her look of tenderness left no doubt on the mind of her lover that their affections were reciprocal.

Their faith became soon mutually pledged, and Roland dwelt with delight on the happy moment when he should be able to call the beautiful Hildegund his wife.

with her through scenes which might well inspire a less enthusiastic nature than his own.

But he lived in times when love was but the bright transient episode of a life of war.

He received orders to join immediately the troops who were destined to wage war against the Saracens. A sense of duty rendered it impossible for him to disobey the summons; and with something like a fore-shadowing of evil, he prepared himself to part with one whom he had learned to love but too well. He dwelt with delight on the happy moment when he should return from the approaching campaign.

"I will not bid you stay," said Hildegund, "albeit we have to pass through a trial which is hard to bear. We are in the hands of fate, and neither of us knows what sorrows or troubles are in store for us."

"Fear not," said Roland, endeavoring to assume a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "When I return, it will be to part from you no more."

"When you return?" she answered, sorrowfully.

"Ay, surely; and it will not be long first," he answered, looking sadly at the translucent waters of the beautiful Rhine.

While the lovers were conversing, they knew not that the greater part of their betrothal was overclouded by the knight who had brought the unwelcome message from the commander of the forces, which served as a mandate for Roland's immediate departure from the Drachenfels.

It was with heartfelt emotion, and with a sad foreboding for the future, that Hildegund bade her lover a last farewell.

After which she lived entirely secluded, and only existed in anticipation of soon learning from him who occupied all her affections.

Weeks and months passed over, during which news arrived of sanguinary conflicts and perilous achievements, in which her beloved Roland had displayed fresh traits of chivalrous valor. His name was extolled by every tongue; his exploits the general topic of conversation.

Many an evening, when seated in her lonely bower, the pale moon reflecting her lovely beams on the tranquil bosom of the Rhine, earnestly brooding her orisons for the safe return of her faithful knight, she heard the Rhenish boatmen, as they glided in their barks along the silvery stream, chant his heroic deeds.

Thus did a long and tedious year pass away, when it was announced that peace had been concluded, which would bring home her hero, vested with honors and renown.

One evening, a knight, who, as his appearance evinced, had traveled with the utmost speed, presented himself at the castle. He had just returned from the plains of Palestine. Hildegund became suddenly agitated upon discovering that he was the same person who had departed with her betrothed to the wars. Her first thought was of Roland; and in answer to her inquiry, the knight said, "Alas! my lady, fate has been unkind to both of us. You have lost a devoted lover, whilst I have to mourn the loss of a faithful and attached friend."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Hildegund, in a tremulous voice.

"The valiant Sir Roland fell by my side at the zenith of his glory, covered with wounds."

Paralyzed by the sole and absorbing thought of the extent of her bereavement, Hildegund was momentarily deprived of speech. Tears refused to leave the only relief in excess of grief or affliction.

She sat motionless, more like a cold, inanimate statue, than a being in whom still existed the pulsations of life.

She remained for some time a prey to the most poignant sorrow and miserable despair.

Meanwhile, he who had brought the mournful intelligence, acted to befriend her with grief for the loss of his friend and compeer. When this had passed away, he began to reason with both the baron and his daughter, and concluded by an open declaration of love for the latter.

Hildegund turned from him with ill-concealed aversion, feeling that she had too mournfully experienced the vanity of all human hopes and affections. She obtained her father's consent to retire to the Convent of Fraumunth, on the lovely island now called Nannenwerth, there to take the veil.

The bishop of the diocese, who was related to the family, allowed the period of her novitiate to be shortened; and three months had scarcely elapsed before she pronounced the vows which excluded her forever from the world. Fatal precipitation! Roland returned, and hastened to the castle, with all the ardency of an anxious lover, to receive the reward of intelligence which caused him to bear a life-long sorrow to the grave.

The belief of Roland's death had not been without foundation. Severely wounded, he had fallen on the field of battle. Life, however, was found not to be extinct; and with assiduous care and attention, he slowly recovered.

The knight who had brought the intelligence of his death to the castle of the Drachenfels had been for a long time enamored of Hildegund; and believing that any stratagem was as fair in love as in war, hoped, by the specious tale he told, to gain the hand of the baron's daughter.

When Roland was told of the miserable results which the rumor of his demise had effected, he forsook the castle of his ancestors—cast off in dependency those arms which, from his earliest boyhood, had been accompanied with the associations of romance and chivalry—which he had cherished as the very pride of knightly life, and with which he had attained the very highest pinnacle of martial fame.

He had built a small hermitage on the mountain, since named Rolandseck, opposite to the Convent of Fraumunth, at the threshold of which he daily seated himself, with his eyes intently fixed on the cloister in which was immured the devoted Hildegund.

At early morn, when the sonorous bell summoned the sisterhood to matins, he invariably arose; and as the voices of the nuns, in sweet harmony, sang forth their praises, a thrill of rapture would pass through him. When his ear caught a note wringing its melodious passage, more pure and more musical than the others, he felt assured that it could only emanate from her he held so dear.

On happier days, her pure and mellow-toned voice had frequently charmed his delighted ear. When the star of evening had given to weary mortals the signal for repose, he used to watch the pale

glimmering of a light which always appeared to shed its faint ray from the same cell; and fancy pictured to his imagination his virgin bride, during the still and silent hours, breathing a prayer for her departed lover.

Twice had the same summer's sun brought to maturity the rich produce of the neighboring vineyards, and melancholy and inaction were beginning to waste the recluse's strength of mind and body; when, on a lowering morning, while the deep autumnal tints of the surrounding forests were exhibiting the approach of another winter, Roland directed his view as usual to the island of Fraumunth.

He observed in the sacred ground allotted to the sisterhood of the nuns, the earth newly opened in the shape of a grave.

An icy tremor crept over him, as a foreboding of evil passed rapidly through his brain.

As he gazed, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "Behold the final resting-place of the ill-fated and unhappy Hildegund!"

He seemed to be urged on by an inevitable hand. Starting wildly from his seat, he descended the mountain for the first time since his seclusion.

He then well remembered the words of his affianced, "We are in the hands of fate!"

He soon ascertained that his presentiment had been too truly indicated, and foreboded the miserable reality.

He reached the holy cloister which he had before dreaded to profane by the presence of a being so borne down beneath a weight of aching and consuming cares—so agitated by earthly passions.

The gentle spirit of the beautiful Hildegund had passed away from the living things of the earth.

As the coffin was borne along, which contained the last mortal remains of her whom he had loved so well, he assisted the mourners in carrying it to the cold and solitary grave; he joined in the fervent prayers of the nuns for the eternal happiness of their sister, and lingered until the earth had concealed from his longing view the remains of his adored.

Nearly overpowered with grief and despair at this consummation of his miseries, he returned with faltering steps, which scarcely sufficed him to regain his cell.

The one great tie which bound him to earth, and which kept him a pale and solitary watcher from his mountain height, was suddenly snapped asunder.

A broken-hearted man, with little or nothing to care for, he remained apart from his fellows, to brood over the one great sorrow of his life.

For a time he struggled on, "Through secret woes the world has never known."

When on weary night dawned warmer day, and better was the grief devour'd again, grief and solitude are two ills which in themselves are enough to crush the strongest; and it is not to be wondered at that they should wear away and eat like a canker-worm into the heart of the once chivalrous knight. For a brief period, Roland bore up; but eventually he succumbed to the misery of his situation.

And the legend has this mournful ending.

The gallant knight and faithful lover was found, soon after the death of Hildegund, on his wonted seat, with glassy eyes almost bursting from their sockets, fixed gazing on the convent; and his spirit, too heavily burdened with the vast accumulation of sorrows, impatient longer of restraint, had left its earthly tenement.

Such is the tradition of Roland and Hildegund, which we have endeavored to render as nearly as possible the original story, as it is set forth by various German writers. It is a simple love tale, with a tragical ending, which has endured for many centuries—for it dates back to the early period of 770; and it is generally believed and understood that the name Rolandseck had its origin in the foregoing mournful narrative, which records the loves of Roland and Hildegund.

PRECIOUS STONES.

An interesting paper on the subject of precious stones appears in a recent number of the St. Petersburg Gazette. M. Gibson, the author, has just completed a journey round the world, undertaken for the express purpose of making inquiries into this branch of trade. From his researches it appears that, owing principally to the plentiful supply from the South African fields, diamonds are at a lower price than they have been for ten years past. Pearls and emeralds, on the other hand, are at a premium. At New York an opal about the size of a moderate-sized olive would fetch, at the present time, about twelve hundred roubles, a sapphire of the same size would be worth eighteen hundred roubles, an emerald ten thousand, a diamond eighteen thousand, and a ruby fifty thousand. In Europe these prices would vary somewhat—opals and sapphires fetching more, and emeralds less. Pearls are now brought from Central America, California, and the Persian Gulf, but they none of them rival those of the East Indies. The diamonds annually imported from South Africa into America are worth about seven million roubles, and the importation into Europe averages about the same. Many of them are of good size, and nearly all, without exception, of a yellowish tinge, the consequence being that diamonds of similar color have actually gone down seventy-five per cent. in the market. Diamonds, indeed, would have fallen lower in value had it not been that the realization of enormous fortunes in America through petroleum and military contracts created an excessive demand. A similar depreciation in the price of diamonds was occasioned at the time of the discovery of the Brazilian diamond mine, Golconda having previously supplied the market. But the stones soon regained their original value, and it may be confidently expected that the effect of the African diggings will be also merely temporary.

LOVE—a passion which has caused the change of empires—a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice—a passion which he who never felt never was happy; and he who laughs at never deserves to feel.

DON'T attempt another's work, nor adopt another's facts. It is a main lesson of wisdom to know your own wisdom from other people's.

THERE are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives: no insult and endures no stain.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.]

CHARADES.

1. Forged at an evening he had bent
For the sweet hands of golden hair,
A flower-screened lamp its lustre bent
With eyes and gems that sparkled
there,
And choice exotic perfumes lent
A witchery to the air.
Through maiden groups, with look
a-kance,
Float wondering words, scarce envy
free,
Shrewd chaparrons cast a furtive glance,
And whisper of a fate they see;
Ere August stills the fete and dance,
My first there's sure to be.

But August empties square and street,
Less frequent whirl the wheels along,
No longer gleam the sandaled feet,
Nor murmurs now the silken throng;
On jaded beauty's car falls sweet
The country's matin song;
The breeze, alas! o'er saddened brow
Lifts the light tress of sunny hair;
False was the lip that breathed the vow,
And thrilled the soul with feelings
new.

My second is his love grown now
Wh

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